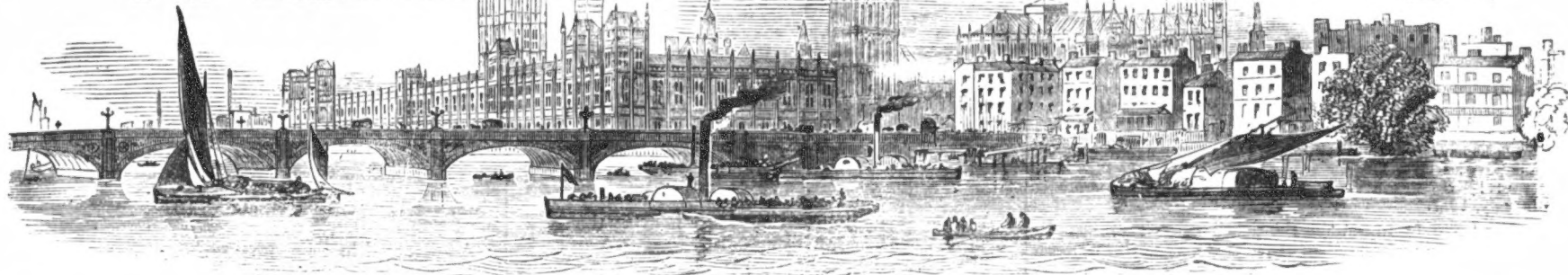


# THE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.

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AND MANAGEMENT.

LONDON, SATURDAY, APRIL 27, 1867.

ONE PENNY.

## MARRIAGE CUSTOM IN LOWER NORMANDY.

AMONG the old customs of this island but comparatively few survive, even in the most remote rural villages, that have anything of a picturesque character about them. It is very different, however, with our neighbours on the Continent, for among them, in thoroughly rural districts, old customs are persevered in with an amount of zeal that matter-of-fact people, denizens of town, can hardly bring themselves to comprehend. Take, for instance, the every-day ceremony of marriage and giving in marriage: why, in France alone the customs connected with it are as numerous as the departments of the Empire. In Lower Normandy a certain young couple decide upon getting married (and the week before Easter is a favourite time)—the lady being, we will gallantly suppose, the belle of the village. Well, on the Sunday following the wedding-day, the husband, according to time-honoured precedent, conducts the wife to grand mass at the parish church, where a seat has been reserved for the happy pair immediately in front of the altar, and, no matter what may be the rank of those who wait with them to receive the sacrament, the priest invariably administers the bread and wine first of all to the young bride, who in return pins a white favour in the old man's breast, and another on the basket in which he carries the consecrated bread. On leaving the church, the newly-married pair are met at the door by the villagers, when the young bachelors fire a salute in their honour, and congratulate

(while in all probability envying) the fortunate husband. A bouquet of flowers, gathered from the various gardens in the village, is then presented to the bride by one of these unfortunate swains, who delivers an address overflowing with rustic eloquence, and expressive of the kindest wishes for the united happiness of the newly-wedded pair. After the husband has stammered out a few timid words in reply—for, poor fellow, he is generally so confused by being the object of so much attention as almost to lose the power of speech—he and his wife are conducted to their home, where they entertain such of their friends and neighbours as were not present at the wedding. When the feasting is over, dancing and singing follow, and are of course kept up till a late hour; then, wishing to—

"Each and all a fair good night,  
With rosy dreams and slumbers light,"

the newly-wedded couple retire, leaving their guests to enjoy themselves until morning's dawn, if they should be so minded.

Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales has signified her intention of becoming the patroness of the Hospital for Diseases of the Skin, and has shown her interest in its welfare by contributing 30 guineas to its funds.

## TARTARS LEAVING A MOSQUE.

The Tartar nations are almost uniformly followers of the Buddhist religion, though in some cases they are Mahomedans. Their attendance at the various mosques is one of their strictest rules, and, like the attendants at many of the English and Irish Catholic chapels, this is not done without undergoing the penance of being terribly importuned by a host of beggars outside the building. The Tartars generally are exceedingly generous, and the return from a mosque is invariably accompanied by almsgiving, similar to that shown in our illustration on page 188. The recipients of their bounty are a class of persons termed Lamas. They lead an idle vagabond life, and are eternally travelling from one part to another accessible to them. They are to be found in China, India, Turkestan, and other places, and their first place of resort is the doorway of a mosque, when, after having made themselves too familiar, they pursue their wanderings.

The draining, fencing, and laying out the roads in Southwark park has been undertaken for £7,281. Had the highest tenders been accepted, the cost would have been £19,015. This is interesting as an exemplification of the disparity of contractors' estimates.



A MARRIAGE CUSTOM IN LOWER NORMANDY ON EASTER SUNDAY.



## LONDON GOSSIP.

A rowing club here offers to make the same voyage as did the *Red, White, and Blue*—that is to say, to go from Havre to New York—in a rowing boat of the same dimensions.

The experiment of running a coach between Brighton and London, which was made last summer, was, it appears so successful, that it has been renewed.

It is said that one of the principal features of the English reception of the Belgian Volunteers will be a dinner given by a well-known and travelled City dignitary.

We learn, from a return just made by the Poor-law Board, that in January last there were in England and Wales more than a million of persons living on the poor rates.

The office of clerk of indictments in the Central Criminal Court has become vacant by the death of Mr. A. H. Wardell, who discharged the duties for many years. Mr. Wardell held a similar post in the Norfolk Circuit.

The Sunday Trading Bill, brought in by Mr. T. Hughes, M. P., and Viscount Amberley's bill for the sanction of Sunday lectures, are obnoxious to the Wesleyan conference, which, it is said, has authorised its "Sabbath committee" to oppose them.

William Humphrey, 78 years of age, living at Brentwood, Essex, has, within the last few days, had a pension of 91. a day settled upon him for services performed in the Peninsular War!!! He was a seven years' man, and left the army in January, 1817.

We have to announce the death of William Sandilands (borne on the books of her Majesty's ship *Victory* as W. Sandlers), the last survivor of those who carried the dying Nelson to the cockpit of that ship at the battle of Trafalgar.

The Under-Sheriffs of London have received a communication from the Home Secretary respecting, during her Majesty's pleasure, the sentence of death passed on Charles Andersen a Swedish sailor, at the last sessions of the Central Criminal Court, for the murder of a fellow-seaman, named Marchen, on board the ship *Ruby Castle*, on a voyage from Penang to England.

Mr. Murray Dunlop has announced to the electors of Greenock that he will not again offer himself for re-election. Mr. Dunlop assigns, as a reason for adopting this course, the coming long and arduous struggles which he foresees will result from the passing of the present Reform Bill, and into which he is unable to enter as he could wish on account of advancing years.

The Dean and Chapter of York have elected Mr. Evelyn Gibson Hodgson, Commoner of Exeter College, Cartwright Exhibitioner in the University of Oxford. The vicarage of St. Michael, Wendron, Cornwall, in the gift of Queen's College, Oxford, has been conferred on the Rev. Henry Anstey, M.A.

An incumbency of unusual duration has just been brought to a close by the death, in his 91st year, of the Rev. R. Dickson, who, for no less than 68 years, has been rector of Killybeg, near Limerick. Up to the time of his last illness the venerable gentleman retained possession of all his faculties, and took part last month in the celebration of the Holy Communion in his church.

There has been for some time in circulation a report to the effect that the late Rev. John Keble—whose unquestioned sincerity and piety have been universally extolled—applied shortly before his death for admission into the fold of the Catholic Church. Mr. Thomas Keble, a brother of the lamented author of *The Christian Year*, writes to a contemporary to declare that this rumour is utterly without foundation.

That confidence in Ireland has been almost completely restored is evidenced by the fact that the Government have resolved on calling out the Irish Militia for training during the present year. The significance of this announcement will be understood when it is remembered that this body were not called out last year the reason being, it was well known, that the Government did not choose to run the risk which undoubtedly attended such a step.

The workmen employed in excavating a boiler vault, in Dakeyne-street, Smeinton, near Nottingham, came upon a toad, about the size of a penny piece, and of a copper colour, embedded in the solid rock, fifteen feet below the surface. This interesting, but hitherto exclusive reptile, when brought to light, immediately became very lively, and opened his eyes and mouth very freely, and is now apparently none the worse for solitary confinement.

When Booth, who assassinated President Lincoln, was captured, a pocket-book was found on him which contained a diary written by the assassin. In this diary there was the following entry:—"I have endeavoured to cross the Potomac five times, and failed. I propose to return to Washington and give myself up, and clear myself from this great crime." It is thought that the original plan of the conspirators was abduction and not assassination, and that what Booth meant to say was that he intended to reveal by whose instigation the plan was altered.

It is announced in the *Gazette* that the Lords Commissioners of Her Majesty's Treasury having certified to the Commissioners for the Reduction of the National Debt that the actual surplus revenue of the United Kingdom, beyond the actual expenditure thereof, for the year ending December 31, 1866, amounted to the sum of £1,380,892 3s. 3d., the said Commissioners will, between April 6 and July 30, 1867, apply one fourth part of the said surplus, viz., £337,723 5s. 9d., towards the reduction of the national debt.

There appears to be every prospect of a good season for sport. A correspondent, who is well acquainted with the state of the moors, writes:—"I wonder no one says a word this year regarding the fine prospect of sport both among deer and grouse. If any disease was to be seen, the circumstance would very soon be communicated; but now that everything connected with good sport is so promising, there is not one word about it. Of course the most sanguine may yet be disappointed; but at present everything looks as well as ever I saw it at this time for the last twenty years."

During the last fortnight there has been a "rise" in various parts of Surrey and adjoining counties among farm labourers, and a threat to discontinue work unless an advance of wages was given. The farmers declined to comply with this demand on the part of the men, but after some consideration on

the subject offered them the privilege of leaving their daily work at haymaking and harvest-time and earning as much increase of pay by piece-work as they could, the shepherds, ploughmen, &c., to receive gratuities at the close of the summer. This arrangement has satisfied the men, and they continue quietly at their daily labour.

An emigrant at Brisbane writes to the effect that, induced by the representations of the London agents of the Queensland Government, he went there with his wife and family. Instead of the golden promises held out to him being realised, he found no work, and had to go on the roads with pick and shovel to fend off starvation—shipwrights, engineers, smiths, carpenters, and other skilled artisans, doing likewise. At last, in desperation, the men sent to the American Consul at Sydney an offer that, if the American Government, or any private individual, would provide a free passage to the United States, they would work at their respective trades during six months for their rations only.

Yesterday morning, the Chapel Royal, Savoy, was re-opened upon the completion of the decorations which the Earl of Devon has advised Her Majesty to command. The walls have been decorated throughout, the chancel being coloured with special richness and elaboration. Many of the old monuments are restored, others are in progress. The altar window has been inserted by the Queen in memory of the late Prince Consort. A font has been erected to replace the old monument raised to the memory of Milton and De Wint, the water-colour painters. The chapel is now complete in all respects, and the damage done by the recent fire more than repaired. The work of restoration has been intrusted to Messrs. Clayton and Bell, under the superintendence of Mr. Sydney Smirke.

At a special adjourned sessions, held at the Newington Sessions House, on Saturday last, eight tradesmen were fined for having in their possession unjust weights, scales, and measures. They comprised two butchers, two chandlers, one corn-chandler, two bakers, and one coal dealer. One case in particular deserves special notice. A baker named Sexton, of George-street, Wyndham-road, Camberwell, was detected selling a loaf purporting to be four pounds in weight, but which was found to be a quarter of a pound deficient. The inspector discovered corresponding weights in the scale. This fraudulent dealer was fined £5 in November last for a similar offence, and in convicting him for a second time in a like amount, the magistrate commented in very strong language upon such dishonest conduct.

The Archbishop of Canterbury has addressed the following letter to the Rev. Dr. Garrett:—"Addington Park, Croydon, April 20.—My dear Sir—I have read with very great interest the letter you have addressed to me on the subject of the Sunday liquor traffic. It is a matter which deeply concerns the welfare and family happiness of the working classes, and I sincerely hope that the two bills which have been introduced in the House of Commons to improve the law in this respect will be carried. They will have my cordial support. I enclose a draft for £5 towards the expenses incurred in furthering your good cause.—Believe me &c., C. J. CANTUAR."

At the Portsmouth Borough Police-court yesterday, Captain James Simpson, of her Majesty's troop-ship *Megara*, was taken before the magistrates, on a remand from Wednesday last, charged with assaulting Charles Wallis, a lad of twelve years of age, in Portsmouth Harbour, on the 11th instant. The case excited even more interest than at its preliminary stage of inquiry on Wednesday last, the entrances to the court being besieged by large mobs of people an hour before the doors were opened, and on the bench there were several naval and military officers. Mr. Cousins again appeared for the prosecution. After a lengthy inquiry, Captain Simpson was committed for trial at the quarter sessions.

It is said that the Emperor of Austria intends to visit the Paris Exhibition. The Archduke Charles Louis will be present at the distribution of the prizes.

The Rev. Zeb. Twitchel was the most noted Methodist preacher in Vermont for shrewd and laughable sayings. In the pulpit he maintained a suitable gravity of manner and expression, but out of the pulpit he overflowed with fun. Occasionally he would, if emergency seemed to require, introduce something queer in a sermon for the sake of arousing the flagging attention of his hearers. Seeing that his audience were getting sleepy, he paused in his discourse and discussed as follows:—"Brethren, you haven't any idea of the sufferings of our missionaries in the new settlements, on account of the mosquitoes in some of these regions being enormous. A great many of them would weigh a pound, and they will get on logs and bark when the missionaries are going." By this time all eyes and ears were open, and he proceeded to finish his discourse. The next day one of his hearers called him to account for telling lies in the pulpit. "There never was a mosquito that weighed a pound," he said. "But I didn't say one of them would weigh a pound; I said a great many, and I think a million of them would." "But you say they barked at the missionaries." "No, no, brother; I said they would get on logs and bark."

The fact is not generally known that Her Majesty Queen Victoria has written a work entitled *Leaves from a Journal in the Highlands*, which consists of about forty papers, descriptive of her life at Balmoral and the neighbourhood. The work is illustrated by photographs and woodcuts from Her Majesty's sketches. It contains, among other interesting matter, three long accounts of incognito journeys made by the Prince Consort and herself to different parts of Scotland, and the adventures they met with. In one of the papers she gives an account of the preaching of Dr. Norman MacLeod, of Glasgow, and, after stating how astonished she was that anyone could preach "so eloquently and touchingly without notes," she adds, "and then he prayed so kindly for me and the Prince in the after-prayer, that I was deeply touched; but when he invoked God's blessing on the children I felt a great lump come in my throat." She had not expected to be prayed for so kindly by a Presbyterian, and least of all did she expect him to remember the children. There is something touching in this simple note of the Queen wife and mother which shows a true woman she is. Only forty copies of the work have been printed for special friends and favourites, but, sooner or later, it will, of course, be reprinted, and will be a most interesting addition to contemporary literature. Her Majesty has also written the preface to a life of the Prince Consort, which General Grey is preparing for private distribution.

JUST OUT, STEAM ENGINES (Patent), price 1s. 6d. each, of horizontal construction, manufactured entirely of metal, fitted with copper boiler, steam pipe, furnace, &c., complete. Will work for hours if supplied with water and fuel. Sent, carriage free, safely packed in wooden case, for 24 stamps. TAYLOR, BROTHERS, 21, Norfolk-road, Essex-road, Islington, London. Established 1859.

## FOREIGN SCRAPS.

The King of Portugal will arrive at the Bristol Hotel, Paris, on the 30th of April.

Alexandre Dumas is in Frankfurt, gathering matter for a new novel which he is preparing.

M. Armand Rolle, one of the youngest members of the Corps Legislatif, is about to marry Madlle. Manceau, one of the richest heiresses of Paris.

Prince Charles Theodore of Bavaria, brother of the Empress Elizabeth of Austria, has just taken holy orders. Grief at the loss of his wife is said to have led to that determination.

M. J. F. M. de Waldek, born at Vienna on the 16th of March, 1763, exhibits two works finished in 1866! He was a pupil of Vien, David, and Prudhon.

The seamstresses of Madrid are on strike, owing, it is said, to the arrest of two of their body, French subjects, who dared to place in the pocket of a dress made for the Queen some pamphlets against the Spanish government.

The Brazilian Government has called out 8,000 men of the National Guard, in order to reinforce the army at the seat of war. Some of the men have refused to obey the summons. Several officers have been suspended.

It is a curious fact that the Italian beggars in Paris possess about 80,000 francs in the French funds. This colony is about to be reinforced by a numerous body of young singers of "Viva la liberta, viva Garibaldi," coming from Naples and Sicily for the Exposition.

A lady, said to be a Portuguese countess, has been apprehended in Paris for smuggling, and has been sent to Yvetot, where she will shortly be tried. She appears to be about 28 years of age, and must have married very young, as she has already had ten children. Her health is so very delicate that during the journey she fainted several times.

It is reported that the Hotel d'Orange at Kreuznach has been hired for the Prince Imperial, who is going to make some stay at that small watering place as soon as the season opens. Another rumour is, that the prince's illness did not proceed from a constitutional cause, but was occasioned by a contusion on the leg; therefore these waters were not prescribed and it is not questionable to have recourse to them.

The Exposition is still in such a very unfinished state that it has been called by a newspaper here "The Exposition Universelle of International unpackings." The Spanish portion of the building is the most backward. The great attraction in the American section are the pianos manufactured and exhibited by Messrs. Steinway and Son, of New York: they are marvellous instruments. During the year 1866 they sold no less than two thousand pianos, for a sum of over a million of dollars.

The Japanese are at the Grand Hotel, and as they do not draw down their blinds, their opposite neighbours are admitted to a strange intimacy with Japanese life. A black man in a white nightgown, and nothing else, mounts every evening on the dining-room table to light the lamps, and when Takoon junior gets up to walk, if only from a chair to a sofa, he is followed by two attendants with drawn swords.

A Milan journal says:—"Preparations are now being actively made for the marriage of Prince Amadeus. The ladies of Brussels intend to present the Princess a splendid diadem of exquisite workmanship. Prince de la Cisterne, as will be remembered, was in 1821 obliged to quit Turin, in consequence of being implicated in the trial of Carbonari. He then took refuge in Belgium, where he gained the sympathy and esteem of every one. The King has sent to the young lady a necklace of pearls and diamonds of the value of more than 100,000. On the wedding day six young girls are to be married to six workmen of Turin, and the Prince will give in each case a dowry of 1,000*fr.*"

The Emperor of the French has just had a curious appeal before him. The sale of M. de Girardins paper in the streets of Paris having been recently prohibited, the news-vendors find that they are the only victims of this method of punishing an offence for which they were in no wise responsible. The sale of the *Liberte* has not been injured. On the contrary, it has considerably increased. The curiosity of the public has been stimulated. But, as the purchasers cannot buy the paper in the streets, they go to the shops for it; and, being there, they purchase not the *Liberte* alone, but all other papers they desire to read. The consequence is, that the poor street vendor loses not only the sales of the *Liberte*, but of the papers generally.

A sad accident occurred a few days ago to the young Barn de Badberg, son of the Russian ambassador, when riding in the Bois de Boulogne with M. Casimir-Perrier. They were trotting rather rapidly along one of the alleys of the wood, when the animal ridden by the Baron shied, and in the movement which it made lost its footing and came down. The rider was thrown heavily, and his head came with great violence against the curbstone which borders the road. Taken up senseless, he was conveyed to the house of M. Casimir-Perrier, in the Avenue l'Imperatrice. A message was immediately sent to M<sup>me</sup>. de Badberg and to Dr. Nelaton, and both arrived within a few minutes of each other. The injuries were found to be exceedingly serious, and yesterday morning a brain fever had declared itself. In this unhappy circumstance the ambassador has received visits of sympathy from his diplomatic colleagues, and from a great number of persons of distinction in Paris.

The silly misunderstanding between Captain Stanley, of the United States ship *Tuscarora*, and Admiral Tucker, of the allied navy of Peru and Chili, which caused the former Government to order that the flag of Peru should not be saluted by American war vessels, has led to some diplomatic complications which are likely to be very annoying and possibly protracted, and may interfere with the practical operations of the peace conference proposed by the Government at Washington. This case commenced with a supposed insult offered to Captain Stanley on board an English steamer by Admiral Tucker, who was not then in command of the allied squadron, nor was he in uniform, and hence the insult, whatever it was, can hardly be considered an official act, but an affair purely personal between an ex-rebel officer and an officer of the United States navy. The Minister of Foreign Affairs for the Chilean Government and the Peruvian Minister at Valparaiso, it is understood, consider the slight of some moment, and, having made common cause of it, refuse to resume the usual international courtesies with the United States vessels until the order not to salute the Peruvian flag is rescinded.



## THE ENGINE-DRIVERS' STRIKE.

A NOTICE has been issued bearing the signatures of thirteen firms among the largest shipowners of Hull announcing that the goods trains between that port and all parts of the kingdom are in full operation, and that their steamers are running regularly, as before, to all continental ports.

The adjourned hearing of the charges against the drivers and firemen in the Gateshead division of the North-Eastern Railway, for leaving their work without notice, came before the borough bench of that town on Saturday. The names of the men are Henry Yates, John Hutchinson, Robert Bone, Thomas Waters, William Appleby, George Brewis, Thomas Davison, Thomas Goss, Thomas Roulledge, Alexander Gray, and Jonathan Clark. Mr. Blackwell, barrister, prosecuted; and Mr. J. P. Roberts, of Manchester, defended the men. The case of Davison was taken first. It was proved that Davison, who was an old driver, had a copy of the rules, and that he left work on the 11th of April without notice. After an address from Mr. Roberts, the bench consulted for half an hour, when the Mayor announced that they found that Davison had been guilty of having broken his agreement with the North-Eastern Company without lawful excuse; but they agreed to postpone judgment until the 28th of May, to allow matters to be amicably settled if possible. The Court refused Mr. Roberts a case for the Court of Queen's Bench. The whole of the defendants were bound over to appear.

The engine-drivers on the North-Eastern Railway attended a public meeting at Leeds, and stated their grievances more fully, especially as to "shed days." A Great Northern driver proposed, as a measure tending to reconciliation, that a man from each of the four great railway companies having lines in Yorkshire should wait upon the North-Eastern directors and show them the terms upon which they themselves are working, and ask the North-Eastern Board to treat their servants as other companies do. Alderman Carter seconded the motion. It was carried by acclamation. It was also resolved that influential persons at Leeds be requested to accompany the drivers for that purpose, and after the interview to call a public meeting, and lay a statement before it of the result.

A proclamation has been distributed in the city of Rome, and affixed to the doors of the church of San Luigi dei Francesi, signed "The Centre of the Insurrection." It calls upon the Romans to rise and overthrow the temporal power, which, it says, they ought to have done the moment the French troops withdrew on the fulfillment of the September Convention. It says that when the insurrection succeeds, a Provisional Government will be appointed to protect order, property, right, and justice, and to complete the national unity by joining the remainder of the States of the Church to Italy.

The renewal of relations between the Earl of Glasgow and Aldroft I am glad to see re-established, for the sake of both the employer and the employed, and the circumstances which led to it are so curious and creditable to both parties that they deserve to be recapitulated. It seems that Mrs. Aldroft, in looking over her husband's clothes, found an old cheque of Lord Glasgow's in his favour of £190, wrapped up in a tonner, and which had been put away for eleven years and forgotten by the recipient. This will show how right I have been when I have contended that jockeys in the present day get their living in a very easy way—far more so than barristers or physicians, soldiers, sailors, or clergymen. But let this pass. When the discovery was made, which even Miss Braddon could hardly have imagined, Lord Glasgow was communicated with, and his lordship, who, in spite of his lasting hostility to "Argus," is a kind-hearted and honourable man, at once sent Aldroft a fresh cheque, and told him if he could get down to the proper weight he would re-engage him. This, by placing himself in a regular trainer's hand, as if he was to be prepared for a fight, or a walking match, Aldroft had been enabled to do, and so pleased was his lordship with the manner in which he rode his horse, against the Peer, that he wrote him a cheque for a very handsome sum. So that the *entente cordiale* may be said to be completely restored, and I hope will only be terminated by the death of one of the parties. That Lord Glasgow has acted judiciously in re-engaging Aldroft I am quite assured, for no employer could have been better served; and if the latter on one or two occasions rode contrary to orders—especially as regards General Peel in the Derby—I am convinced that the severe warning he had undergone affected his head, which had previously displayed symptoms of having felt the two severe falls he experienced at Middleham, and which at one time led to doubts of his recovery by his friends. He has now only to stick to business, and business will stick to him, for at the present time we cannot spare jockeys of his stamp. One result, however, of Mrs. Aldroft's discovery of the hidden treasure is, that every other jockey's wife or sister have been actively employed ever since in going over their left-off clothes, without having as yet made a similar amount of prize-money—"Argus" of the Post.

The last turn-out of the season took place at Maidenhead Thicket, a few miles from Salt Hill. The weather was all that could be desired, and the assemblage of sporting men, as well as elegantly-dressed ladies in carriages and on horseback, far exceeded that ever witnessed on any Easter Monday. Harry King, the Royal huntsman, had selected the noted deer "Volunteer" for the occasion, and at the time of starting so great was the crowd of pedestrians that Nottage feeling there was no chance of forming a line, let out the deer amongst them, which caused much fun. After displaying some very elegant vaulting over people's heads, Volunteer went across the Thicket to Cookham-green, from thence to Little Marlow, where the deer took the Thames, the hounds were whipped off and taken over Marlow Bridge, and again put on scent, and went away to Wycomb-marsh, close by High Wycombe, into Kingswood, crossed Hazelmoor-green to Penstreat, from thence through Sharnes Park, close by Amersham, and was taken at Frogmore Farm, Chesham, after a capital hunting run of three hours. Among those up at the finish we noticed the noble master, Lord Colville, Mr. Poyce, Mr. Allnutt, Mr. Saunders, Mr. Jegan, Mr. Ruse, and Mr. Ranco. The deer was safely taken by Mr. Boyce, of Windsor.

The journeymen hairdressers at Paris have struck for an increase of wages, and, in particular, to cease work at eight in the evening on week-days and four in the afternoon on Sundays. The masters, it is said, would not object to this reduction of time on the Sunday, but refuse positively to accede to the condition concerning the other six days.

Oh, yes! Oh, yes! Oh, yes!—It is an acknowledged fact that JONES & CO.'s Half-Guinea Hat (the Hamilton) is the best-shaped one in London, equal to what is sold for Twelve and Six at the West-End houses. JONES & CO.'s Manufactories, 78, Long Acre.—ADVT.

## STRIKE OF THE LONDON TAILORS.

A meeting of the members of the London Operative Tailors' Protective Association, was held yesterday, at the Albion, Leicestersquare, Mr. George Drutt, the president of the society, occupied the chair. The hall was crowded by well-dressed and orderly men, all of whom seemed only anxious to have the question brought to an amicable settlement.

The Chairman commenced by giving a history of the proceedings of the committee and reading the correspondence which had taken place between the masters' association and their own; after which he alluded to the efforts which had been made by the men, and showed that however much the masters had professed to bring the question to a satisfactory conclusion, their actions did not coincide with such professions. He then explained that by an understood agreement when the masters met the workmen they were to discuss the subject, and if they could not agree an arbitrator should be appointed. On this question the masters had not kept faith with them. On the first day, the masters who met the workmen were thoroughly practical men who were well calculated to discuss and settle the question. On the second day the masters were so really half represented, and certainly not competent to go through the whole of their questions in detail; and on the third day it was mostly composed of masters who were really not entitled to enter on the question, inasmuch as not being practical men they were not in a position to give a proper opinion upon the subject. The masters then refused to receive the log which had been submitted by the journeymen, and ignored the agreement concerning arbitration. The great cause of the disagreement was the fact that the masters wished the journeymen to charge nothing for extras in the garments which they had to make, whilst at the same time they made every deduction possible where a garment did not require so much work as an ordinary one. He then introduced

Mr. Blissett, who moved the following resolution:—"That this meeting, having heard the report of the committee, approve the same, it being conclusively shown that the masters have failed to carry out the arrangements entered into by them."

Mr. Bailey seconded the motion, which was carried unanimously. Mr. Lawrence moved the next resolution—"That this meeting approve the action of the committee in submitting the amalgamated log, and that this meeting declare a general strike against those employers who have been served with the log."

Mr. Neal seconded the motion, which was carried unanimously. Mr. Adamson proposed "That we do not wish to enforce our own views, believing that all such matters should be settled at a council board, and for that purpose we are still prepared to meet the committee of the Masters' Association."

This was seconded by Mr. Partridge, and carried by acclamation.

Mr. Tappin proposed the fourth resolution—"That any employer agreeing to pay the amalgamated log shall only be required to pay the same until a time-log is arranged between us and the Masters' Association, which will be considered the universal time-log."

This was seconded by Mr. Milne and carried *non con*.

The Chairman then introduced Mr. Young, as chairman of a deputation of tailors from Brussels, who were on strike.

Mr. Young read some resolutions which had been passed by the tailors of Brussels and Paris. He said the Brussels tailors were now on strike, and it was their unanimous wish to co-operate with the English, French, and Prussian tailors for the purpose of advancing their mutual interest. The Brussels men had struck, and within three weeks 23 firms had given in; the first, strange to say, were the shop shops, and they were now, he thought, in a position to gain the point for which they had struck.

A resolution was then passed expressing sympathy with the Belgian tailors, and agreeing to act with them and those of Paris and Prussia throughout the strikes which are taking place.

The meeting then concluded with a vote of thanks to the chairman.

## CRYSTAL PALACE.

THE bad weather told most unfavourably on the attendance at the Crystal Palace on Monday. Relatively the day itself was fine, certainly all the early part of it; but it is a curious fact that as a rule the number of visitors on these great days is more decided by the quality of the weather which precedes the day than by that of the day itself. Shilling holiday-makers, as a rule, decide a day or so before as to the place where they hope to spend their one day out, and their choice naturally is almost entirely guided by atmospheric influences. Thus it has happened that when the weather has been unexceptionably fine up to the very eve of these great Palace days, and yet the day itself proved wet and stormy, no diminution in the attendance has been noticed, while preceding inclemency, even though the actual day itself was fine, has, on the other hand, had no effect in raising the receipts. Thus the weather of Saturday and Sunday gave no sort of encouragement for a visit to Norwood, and the plans of the holiday folks not having then been laid with this object, the Palace was in a manner neglected on Monday, no matter how brightly the morning rose. Compared with that of last Good Friday, the attendance was little more than half, and at no time were there more than 20,000 people in the building, and the whole numbers during the day reached to little beyond 26,000. This is much to be regretted, for a more varied, a more amusing, and a more interesting programme has seldom been put forward. The two great *pieces de resistance* were, of course, on the stage in front of the Handel orchestra. These were Arthur Lloyd's burlesque domestic drama, in which the whole five characters of the *dramatis personæ* were supported by Mr. Lloyd himself alone, who had in turn to be an old country wife, a fierce squire, a young girl, a stupid lout, and a desperate ruffian. It is difficult to say which personation was the best, or which became the actor most naturally. Though there were no less than eight changes of costume, with a proportionate amount of "getting up" involved in each change, the stage was empty for scarcely a minute, and the broad humour of the pantomime never flagged from first to last. A comic ballet d'action, entitled *The Village Torment*, was a more ambitious theatrical effort, and many characters were introduced. Of course, no criticism is needed on the construction of this little ballet, and it is enough to say that it kept some 15,000 people in a roar of laughter from its commencement to its end. Some of the broad, humorous incidents in this, though as old as the traditional hot poker of the clown in a

pantomime, came with their usual perennial effect, and none could help being amused, not less at their grotesqueness and absurdity than the real spirit of comic fun with which they were acted. The introduction to the whole day's programme was made by what are called the Parisian mimes, and this, after an interlude of music, was followed by the performances of stilt vaulters, who were really worth seeing. So, also, is "the Hibernian Eccentricity," though his conceptions of the art of jig dancing differ widely from those of the native professors of that art. The popular English notion is that an Irish jig is a sort of wild Terpsichorean orgy, accompanied with shouting and much gesticulation, while, in fact, a real Irish jig, as danced among the peasantry, is almost as solemn, and certainly much more quiet than an Irish funeral, the partners never speaking or looking up, but concentrating all their attention on steps so intricate that they might have puzzled Taglionis. Les Frères Risorelli perform on what are called the "revolving globes," and Mr. Stead gives some comic songs, which, of course, in such a vast space, are inaudible to one-half of the company, and insensible to the whole of it. The French athletes are the best of their kind which the Crystal Palace has brought out for some time, and their feats, very deservedly, were loudly applauded. Varied as these entertainments are—and we have merely hinted at the principal ones—there are many others, minor in their attraction, it is true, but not less interesting.

Not the least entertaining among these are the performances by the company's band and those given on the great organ. Out of doors, below the terraces, roundabouts, swings, archery, boating on the lake, &c., had been provided, but few availed themselves of these opportunities of enjoyment, for the grounds and grass were sodden by the late heavy rains. The great majority of the visitors kept within the building, and the drizzling inclemency of the evening drove every one home early. It is a pity that the attendance was not larger, for a better day's amusement has seldom been offered to ordinary visitors. We can conscientiously recommend it to the patronage of the public during the remainder of the holidays. It will last only one week, and after Saturday next these extra and most amusing attractions will be withdrawn.

## A BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF THE VOLUNTEER REVIEW.

Monday, about which many sanguine hopes and anxious fears had been the night before expressed by those who feared no foe but the elements, was ushered in at five a.m. by the discharge from Castlewards of a big gun which shook you out of bed, and sent you trembling to the window to learn whether the dreaded enemy were threatening in the form of distant clouds, or had already commenced the attack with instant rain. The sky was somewhat overcast, but that did not disconcert him who recollected that the rosier dawn is not always the healthier sign, and that—

"Not seldom clad in russet vest,  
Decidually goes forth the morn."

At six the sun shone brightly; at seven brilliantly; the sky was cleared of all but the lightest fleece, and one began to prognosticate, not rain and mud, but heat and dust, the brother of dirt. However, as an original writer has observed in his voluminous works, the English climate is changeable, and, therefore, one was not surprised to see the sun retire and re-appear fitfully, and the wind blow with a steadiness, a violence, and a keenness which enabled a spectator on the Castle Hill Fort to almost have his legs amputated or his hair cut (gratis). At a very early hour it was quite clear that Dover fully appreciated the material advantages likely to accrue to it from an annual visit of from twenty or thirty thousand volunteers, to say nothing of the consequent spectators. The shipping displayed a variety of flags, scarcely to be equalled at the Crystal Palace during Christmas week; and in the streets there were triumphal arches (in honour no doubt of the preconcerted victory to be achieved in the course of the day) and banners, upon which a fanciful mind might have thought to discern the strange device, "shell out." The nose of the sleeper had scarcely ceased to be itself musical, when the ear of the sleeper awakened caught the strains of martial music. So soon as a hasty breakfast could be swallowed there was a famous chance for persons with the gift of ubiquity, or even inferior powers. For one, however, who doubted his ability, to be in many places at the same time, so as to see not only the arrival of the gallant volunteers at the railway stations, but also the ovation they received in the streets, and their assembly upon what was appropriately called (by a young lady ignorant of the way) "the scene of action," there was such a choice of alternatives as would have satisfied even the late Chancellor of the Exchequer. Upon the whole, it seemed best, having walked up Beach-street and Castle-street, and having never seen spectators more enthusiastic, or two militia-men (if injustice be not done to that gallant and thirsty body) more drunk, to take up a position on the Castle Hill Fort, just where a sort of grand stand had been erected but not much patronised, where your company was scanty but select (consisting chiefly of engineer officers), where there was wind enough to blow tears from your eyes, where the whole body of troops could be taken in at a glance, where you could see the interesting preparations for the attack and the defence, and where you could admire the marching past at such a distance as added enchantment to the scene, and prevented you from dwelling too much upon the pattern of any man's legs. The prelude to the great business war, of course, as usual: gentlemen in uniform rode singly, and as it appeared to the uninitiated, purposelessly hither and thither, as if they were merely "taking horse-exercise." Presently there was the welcome sound of a military band; then of another; then of another; and, at last, their march-tunes became so intermingled and so discordant that the matter deserved the attention of Mr. Bass, M.P. Corps after corps, volunteers and regulars, the former often marching well enough to be mistaken for the latter, gradually took up their ground, and presented that appearance which has often been described as resembling the effect of a *parterre* of flowers, but to our poor and naked eye the rows of men, and especially the grey-clad, green-clad, and black-clad volunteers, looked like the ridges of a sown field, and the mounted officers in scarlet looked (without offence be it written) like red rags to scare away the birds; and when some of the men piled arms, the deadly weapons bore a wonderful likeness in the distance to the harmless hop-poles of the neighbourhood. A while, and then there was a stir; the white plumes of the staff were conspicuous; the Royal standard was hoisted at the flag-pole, and from the castle behind came a more startling sound than when a door is suddenly blown to in the windy month of March. Twenty-one times the noise was made, and they called it a royal salute—though it can





THE VOLUNTEER REVIEW—ADVANCE IN DOUBLE COLUMNS OF SUB-DIVISIONS FROM THE CENTRE.

hardly be the sort of salute with which King Cophetua greeted the beggar maid. Then came the march-past; a scanty troop of Lancers, whose pennons reminded one very much of a fancy-fair leading the van.

Some of the regulars marched past with fixed bayonets and sloped arms, which either gave them a great advantage over, or put them at a disadvantage compared with the volunteers (who marched with trailed arms), according to our opinion of the steadiness of volunteers; for it can scarcely be denied that the regulars' style, though the more imposing, was the more likely to betray unsteadiness. Of the volunteers, some were to the most unpractised eye better than others, kept better distance, and marched more firmly; and it was gratifying to see how a good muster and a good manner were applauded by the spectators. The attacking force came first, and when they moved off to take their position on the heights,

some of them, as they marched away in column, leading one to believe in the possibility of a Birnam wood in motion, and others in red coats looking like a few thousand of bricks taking a walk; it occurred to one that it would be advisable for fathers of families, if for nobody else, to eschew white cross-belts and white horses when they are engaged in serious business; so conspicuously do those white things glare out. But what is this? The fields appear to have given sudden growth to certain tufts or clumps; a gun is fired from the Castle; puffs of smoke issue from the tufts; and it is perceived that both sides have thrown out skirmishers. And now the big guns on both sides deal out their volleys of headache; from all manner of corners and lurking-places on the heights about the Castle come symptoms of a house on fire, followed by a loud report; the gunboats below on the sea yonder give assistance to the attackers, but the Armstrong guns on the western heights

are equal to the occasion. The proud invader may have taken possession of every bed in Dover, but he shall never take Dover Castle. And so, with much expenditure of ammunition, wind, and shoe-leather, with much window-shaking, and with many tears on the part of unwitting infants, the affair is brought to the pre-determined issue. There is every reason to believe that Dover is eminently suitable for the annual volunteer review; it combines more advantages than can be here enumerated; it has been tried and most surely have given satisfaction; it is to be hoped that the volunteers will cling to it; and if they do, perhaps the invading foe will have the civility to come over on Easter Monday (bringing his own provisions).

We give two illustrations of the review, viz., the assembly of the officers in command, previous to the review, and a body of regulars taking up their position on the heights.

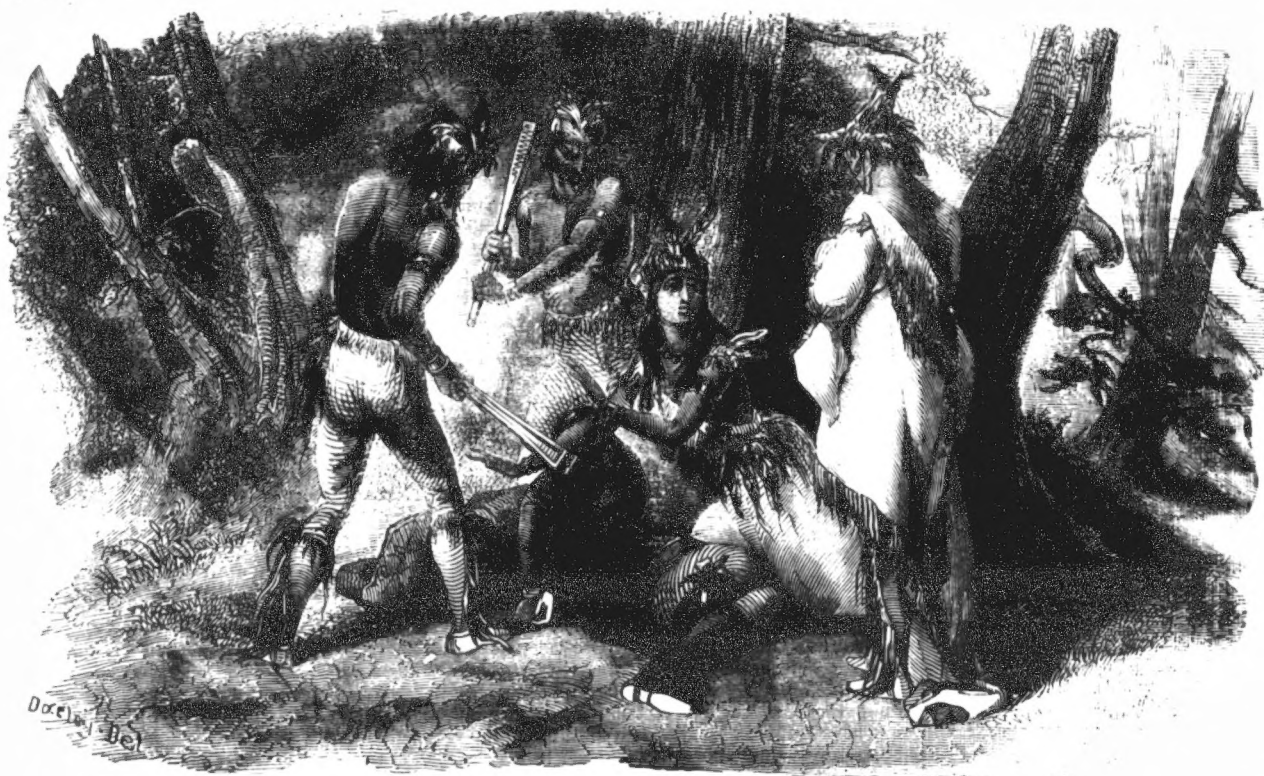


FRENCH CONSCRIPTS.



THE QUEEN OF  
MADAGASCAR.

Prior to 1810 the population of Madagascar was composed of various independent savage tribes of African, Arabic, and Malay origin. Those on the coast represented the African element, and those of the interior, who led a wandering life, still possessed in a great measure the character of their Arab and Malay forefathers. The most powerful of these tribes at the period of which we speak was the Ovas, headed by a chief named Radhama. Gifted with an energetic mind and an ambitious spirit, this prince resolved to obtain the submission of the other inhabitants of the island, and establish a kingdom. In this he succeeded. He soon found himself everywhere triumphant, and at the head of an army of thirty thousand men, most of them armed with muskets. During his reign civilisation made great progress, and European missionaries were protected. After his death, which happened in 1828, the Queen Ranavolo prohibited Christianity, and in 1846 all Europeans were expelled by her command. It has been even hinted that Radhama came by his death unfairly, and that a conspiracy was formed between the Queen and ministers—the one jealous of her rivals, the others disgusted at the liberal tendencies of their monarch—to set him aside. It is certain that the reign of this Ranavola has been stained with much bloodshed, and that poison and the dagger have largely contributed to maintain her in power. Her evil deeds and capricious temper



AN INDIAN MASSACRE.

made her name familiar to all Europe a few years since; and we infer that our readers will be glad to peruse the lines of her countenance. Our engraving is from a drawing made by a naval officer, who was present at an audience with this extraordinary woman in reference to the treatment of some Europeans thrown on her inhospitable coast.

A Doarr Chu, or white-breasted otter, was caught in a trap in Inverness-shire a few days ago. The skin was fully six feet long.

give an illustration on page 188. The Court was followed by a grand concert.

Some very heavy iron-plated targets are in course of erection at Shoeburyness, some of the plates of which are composed of steel and iron mixed. They are designed to keep out chilled shot, and the firing, which will be from the 9-inch muzzle-loading gun, is expected to commence in about a fortnight.

ROYAL RECEPTION  
AT BERLIN.

The marriage between the Count of Flanders and the Princess Hohenzollern took place on Thursday, the 25th instant, in the Catholic church of St. Hedburg.

The Prince-Bishop of Breslau performed the ceremony, at which a distinguished company, including the Princes of the Royal House and the Diplomatic Body, the Ministers and the Generals, were present.

A Court dinner was given in the White Saloon at the Royal Castle after the marriage, and a soirée at the Crown Prince's Palace in the evening.

In the forenoon of the 26th the members of the Belgian and Hohenzollern families attended divine service at the Church of St. Hedurg, and a déjeuner was given at the Royal Palace in the afternoon. In the evening the King of the Belgians and the newly-married pair received the Diplomatic Body; a Court was afterwards held at the Castle, of which we



RANAVOLO MUNGAKA, QUEEN OF MADAGASCAR, AND THE HEIR PRESUMPTIVE



## CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.

D.	D.W.	ANNIVERSARIES	H. W. L. B.	
			A.M.	P.M.
28	S	1st Sunday after Easter ... ..	8 20	8 50
29	M	...	9 36	10 14
30	T	London University com., 1827 ... ..	10 51	11 24
1	W	First International Exhibition open., 1851 ... ..	11 51	
2	Th	Chartist Petition presented, 1849 ... ..	0 19	0 42
3	F	Jamaica taken, 1695 ... ..	1 4	1 26
4	S	Horace Twiss died, 1849 ... ..	1 46	2 7

Moon's changes.....New Moon, 4th day, 7h. 40m. a.m.

## NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

PUBLISHING DEPARTMENT.—All letters to be addressed to the Editor, Drury House, Drury-court, St. Mary-le-Strand, London.

\* Correspondents finding their questions unanswered will understand that we are unable to do so, either from their peculiarity, or that our correspondents with little trouble could readily obtain the information themselves.

R. R. HURWORTH.—Both the Number and the supplementary Engraving are out of print.

MEDICAL GALVANISM is now recognised as one of the most useful adjuncts to the science of Medicine, and is becoming more used by the medical profession than any other new invention for the relief or cure of disease, especially as in most cases it obviates the use of medicines. As it is impossible to answer the numerous correspondents who have inquired respecting the proper apparatus to be used and the diseases for which Medical Galvanism is most useful, we have great pleasure in mentioning Mr. Faulkner, Surgeon, Medical Galvanist, of 40, Endell-street, Bloomsbury, and 42, Roseberry-villas, as one who will give any information on the subject; also, has a large number of Medical Galvanic Apparatus by various makers.

## THE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.

SATURDAY, APRIL 27, 1867.

REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

## MR. GLADSTONE AND THE LIBERAL PARTY.

LAST week, Mr. Gladstone wrote two letters—one to a Mr. Brooks, at Guildford, in answer to a communication made to him, respecting a resolution on Reform come to at that place, another in response to a question put to him by Mr. Crawford. The first was contained in about four lines, and stated that the division on Mr. Gladstone's motion on the Reform Bill plainly showed how little power he had of influencing the question. This being written immediately following the debate, some allowance was made for the irritation exhibited so soon after a defeat. Evidently Mr. Gladstone was very human, his tempers were like those of men not half so able; and somehow or other, people had a kind of sympathy for him who could prove himself so much one of themselves. The very errors or weaknesses of eminent men are in themselves passports to popularity. "One touch of nature makes the world akin," and the proof that the leader of the Opposition gave that he was something less or more than a great orator, or politician, was also a proof that he was very mortal, and quite as much the "little corporal" as the great general of politics, so far so good. Men cannot afford to be continually weak, nor to indulge only in consecutive mistakes. As, by so doing, they descend to the permanent level of ordinary men, and perhaps, by the mere fact of their fall bring themselves, by the force of reaction, into a most unenviable contempt. The second letter Mr. Gladstone wrote is more than a simple utterance of petulance, it is a great blunder. Temper in itself may do but little harm, if it be confined to the display of an unamiable state of mind, but when temper becomes the guide of action, and stultifies deeds of great import, then temper becomes so dangerous and reprehensible that he who is its votary must be visited by a just rebuke, and by public reprobation.

Last year, a majority of the House of Commons declared against the Reform Bill brought in by the Russell-Gladstone Ministry, and after much battling and many divisions, it came about that the Government insisted on throwing up the reins of office. To that time it was considered that ministers could command an absolute majority of seventy.

Whether the Bill itself was a good or a bad one, Parliament declared whatever was binding in party allegiance was as nothing when compared to the necessity of ruling that a rating qualification should govern the possession of a vote in boroughs. Lord Derby took office, and Mr. Disraeli became the leader of the House of Commons, and consequently Mr. Gladstone the leader of the opposition. The latter gentleman, under these circumstances, was supposed to command only a minority, for had it been otherwise parties would not have changed their places, and the Conservatives would not have been sitting on the Government benches. Nominally Mr. Disraeli had opposed to him, under the name of Liberals, a considerable majority, for though members may have voted against Mr. Gladstone, they had not necessarily discarded their political designation. To be a Liberal it is not necessary to follow Mr. Gladstone, assuming that measures are proposed which are in themselves progressive and liberal, though Mr. Gladstone may oppose them. If Mr. Disraeli was only able to obtain the countenance of his own avowed partisans, it was absurd that he should have ever entered upon office for a day. However, he came into power, and brought with him a knowledge of the other side equal to the exigencies of the occasion. He knew where his strength and weakness lay. With this knowledge he proposed to come to a settlement by Resolutions upon Reform, leaving it open to the option of the House as to the best course to be pursued. This plan was rejected, but not opposed in any party spirit. Afterwards a Reform Bill was brought forward, and this was voluntarily withdrawn by Mr. Disraeli. Lastly an absolute reality, shackled by certain restrictions, is vouchsafed, and after giving way on dual voting and other points, the Bill is read a second time, with an agreement that it is to be amended in Committee. Mr. Gladstone calls his followers together, not to take counsel with them, but to plainly tell them what course he has decided upon. The famous "Instruction" is now insisted upon, but is only born to die. On the occasion of

its death, forty-eight members significantly told their commander that the wind was blowing in a certain direction, and that he had better steer his ship out of those latitudes into which he was venturing. The gallant captain would take no warning, nor look out for squalls. He certainly saved his credit by steering off one rock, but, as if desirous to show the strength of his vessel, which had already been proved to be so weak, he sailed most recklessly away upon another. This most admirable craft—thanks to the imprudence of the first in command—has now been materially injured, and the distinguished gentleman who has shown so much boldness and bravery, wants, it would appear, at least for a little while, to go from the helm. It would seem that he, for a short period, either craves leave of absence until again taking the command at his discretion, or desires to retreat below the gangway, biding his time, and waiting till the country cares to give him a more obedient and more numerous crew.

The letter Mr. Gladstone transmits to Mr. Crawford is couched in such dubiety that what all the exact intentions of the former are no one can discover. One thing is manifest, and that is that the various amendments the leader of the Opposition has placed on the Parliamentary papers are to be withdrawn, and that he retreats from the recognised leadership of the Opposition, during the Reform discussions, at all events.

The member for Lancashire wishes the constituencies to possess votes by right of being rated for houses at £5 and upwards. While Mr. Disraeli wishes to give votes to all personally paying rates, it being proved that such rates are duly paid before the right of voting can be exercised. As a principle, one is just as "Liberal" in accordance with Whig views, as the other, but the actual unfairness and want of principle in Mr. Disraeli's bill lies in the restrictions imposed upon voters residing in houses below £10, and in the fine imposed upon the compound householders. The former are compelled to be resident in a house for two years, while those at the £10 line require but one year's residence. The latter, before being able to vote, are compelled to pay the full totals of the rates, and only get from their landlords those that are compounded for by them, and by this means necessarily pay in the first instance for the right of voting. To wipe away these grave blemishes, Mr. Gladstone had proposed amendments. By his first amendment, against which there was a majority of twenty-one, he suggested a counter measure of Reform, and Mr. Disraeli said that were such carried, he would dissolve Parliament and appeal to the country. The twenty-one that voted with him on such an issue are not necessarily pledged to support the Government, as to the points to which we have made allusion, and, therefore, when Mr. Gladstone says that he shall withdraw these most desirable suggestions to improve the bill, he plays with his own party in an ungracious and ungenerous manner. The course he is pursuing is both undignified and unpatriotic. A large body of English gentlemen, with faith in his courage and endurance, have placed their honour and the interests of their country in his keeping, and it is not for him to secede from the performance of a solemn trust. Compacts, whether in political or private life, are understood, though they are not written, and he who, in the hour of the discomfiture of his plans, leaves his confederates in the lurch, is exercising a piece of political infidelity unworthy of a great statesman, and of the great epoch which, by his own acts, he may swell with greater grandeur. Because Mr. Gladstone cannot dictate the entire terms of this new electoral deed, he therefore fails to introduce many most wise and salutary clauses, which would tend to make it more equitable and lasting. For more than sixty years no English statesman has committed a more flagrant act of pique or indiscretion. Were Mr. Gladstone's example to hold good, one of the great parties of the State would be always without a leader, inasmuch as one of them must be in a minority. The present act of Mr. Gladstone is one, at least, of exceeding bad taste. He hints to the Liberals, "Had you carried my amendment, I should have been in power. Now you have not supported me, I am still kept out in the cold." Leadership is not for the hour of victory only; it is for times of sore distress, for disaster, and for defeat. The general who beats a good retreat wins often greater renown than he who is the victor. Those that are the creatures of success are often but holiday heroes, while he who can face desertion and disappointment, and the perils of noble purposes, not only obtains the imperishable gratitude of his country, but even the greater satisfaction derived from that self-applause based on irreproachable motives and consistent aims.

**THE ONE WINE COMPANY.**—The great difficulty with most purchasers is to know what, and how much, they get for their money. Of all things in the world that become a medium through which the public are ensnared, deceived, and disappointed, there are none so great as those of wines and spirits. It is proverbial how little are altered to the injury and loss of the consumer. In fact, so difficult is it to obtain a really fine wine, that the palates of numberless wine drinkers become in time perfectly vitiated by the long habit of drinking bad decoctions, which are sold under the names of Port, Sherry, Claret, &c. The "One" Wine Company is doing much to abrogate this bad system of business. The Company not only sells the best, purest, and most recherche wines, but bottles them in imperial pint and quart measures, at a tariff of prices giving to the public great advantage. The Company selects one particular wine from each district of the countries from which its wines are imported, and by this means it gives a reliable and thoroughly satisfactory article to the public. A plan of business, like the present, which is simple, direct, and plain dealing, should be supported, not only on account of the good that may accrue to the consumer, but by reason of the general benefit to be derived by supporting such an admirable example of trading. A circular of the "One" Wine Company, with a trial of the wines, will afford the best proof of our statement.

In consequence of the Reduction in Duty, Horniman's Teas are now supplied by the Agents Eightpence per lb. Cheaper. Every Genuine Packet is signed "Horniman and Co."—[Advertisement.]

## London by Night.

## A NARROW ESCAPE.

BY A THAMES POLICEMAN.

REAR ADMIRAL DAGLISH was a highly respectable man: he lived in a great house in a fashionable square, drank Tod Heatley's champagne, and was rather partial to Martell's brandy, dined with successive Lord Mayors on the ninth of November, was never averse to returning thanks for the navy at public banquets when the toast was proposed in port wine of Sandeman's vintage, wore diamond studs, swore at the French, and hated the Yankees; believed in wood, sneered at iron, and declared emphatically that the British Navy was going to the dogs; was proud of his plate, kept liveried servants, paid the hair-powder tax cheerfully enough, and drove a fine pair of horses.

Peter Fletton was a poor, half-starved devil, who had spent quite as much of his life in and out of prison. He lived upon his wits, and had a garret somewhere in Whitechapel which called him master, and for which he paid eightpence a week, when he'd got it, and let it run on when he hadn't. His only appearance in public was when he was brought up in a police-court, and then he did not return thanks—quite the contrary. He was fond of arse-snaking; had never done a burglary, because he was too much of a coward, but never missed rising three or six months for stealing a pocket-handkerchief. He drank pater or gin, when it "ran" to it, and ate alameda beef and pudding; he was fond of sausages for breakfast, and liver-and-bacon and fried fish, together with other luxuries, when he was "well-up" in the world—which wasn't often. Sometime he went to a penny gaff, and sometimes to the workhouse: he had been seen in the pit of the Victoria on gala-nights, when luck had been present and the police absent; he occasionally did a "whip behind ride" at the back of a cab, and when he saw the penny journals with pictures in the shop-windows felt sorry he couldn't read.

What was there in common between Rear-Admiral Daglish and Peter Fletton?

Nothing, unless we descend to and adopt Mr. Gladstone's flesh-and-bone theory. One was well-bred, rich, intelligent, decorated, fêted, listened to as an authority on all occasions; a man who in the game of life had hit his mark. The other was a disgrace to himself, but a greater disgrace to civilisation and the world he lived in; ill-bred, uneducated, a gaul-bird, savage, cunning, shabbily dressed in sordid, greasy, thread-bare habiliments; a man who had never even tried to be a Jack Steppard, or tried to hit a mark, and if he had, would have missed it.

Nevertheless, the turbulent stream of life brought those two men in contact—these two God's images; for though so totally dissimilar they were made in the same likeness and both had immortal souls.

Rear-Admiral Daglish had retired to rest at ten o'clock, his servants had gone to bed an hour later, but the footman had inadvertently left the front door ajar.

Peter Fletton was walking about the fashionable square at ten minutes past eleven. If any of his own set had asked him what he was doing, he would have said he was "on the mouche," which being interpreted—French, *mouchard*, a spy; English, mouchet, to be on the look-out for something.

Seeing the admiral's door open, he thought there was a chance of a great coat, or a chance umbrella; so he glided into the hall, and had the hardihood to close the door behind him.

He sure his heart beat quickly when he heard the snap of the lock, but Peter was hungry, he had enjoyed nothing but a mouldy crust all day, so he was in the humour to dare something.

If Peter got a stray umbrella, or a chance great coat, Peter would have some supper and lie in a bed like a Christian; but if he did not, he would go without a supper and sleep in the Adelphi arches, or in some half-finished house in a distant suburb.

Peter reasoned, for he was capable of reasoning in his peculiar way, and he said to himself, "If I get nabbed, I shall only go for a year, or perhaps three months, if the beak's in a good temper, and I plead at the court; so I'll risk it."

When Peter got into the hall, he saw a light in the dining-room, and looked in through the chink of the half-opened door, and lo! it was deserted.

There was silver plate on the table, and bottles of wine, fruit, plates, in fact every appurtenance to dessert in a gentleman's house.

The gas was half turned down. Peter thought a glass of wine and a biscuit would warm his poor empty aching stomach, so he made bold and walked on.

He even had the hardihood to take the admiral's chair, and help himself to some very old Château Lafitte in the admiral's glass; he did not like the Lafitte, so he tried the next bottle, that was sherry, and not a whit more palatable; then he came to the port, which he ought to have tried at first.

That suited him; he drank a tumblerful right off, and thought it delicious—as it was. Then he looked round the table and thought to himself "what a lot of money old Baskins would give for this 'ere."

Old Baskins was the fence to whom he was in the habit of selling his stolen goods.

No sooner said than done; he selected the best and heaviest of the articles, and began to tie them up in the tablecloth, stopping now and then to munch a handful of biscuits and sip a glass of wine.

When his preparations were complete, and he was ready to evacuate the premises with his booty, as ill luck would have it, the butler, whose duty it was to put the wine away and extinguish the lights, woke up with the nightmare, and remembered that he had forgotten to do so.

Being a conscientious man, and feeling that he should not have a wink of sleep all night if he did not get out of bed and discharge his duty, he reluctantly put on his clothes and descended to the dining-room.

Peter had reached the passage, and was fumbling away at the lock of the door, which, to his great disgust, would not open.

"Who's there?" cried the footman, Mr. Bins, hearing the noise.

There was no answer.

"Who's there?" repeated Mr. Bins, shivering, for he was a superstitious man. "Is it ghosts?"

"Yes," replied Peter, in his most sepulchral voice.

"You're a liar!" shouted Mr. Bins; "ghosts don't talk. I'd have you, my boy."

So saying, he descended the stairs three at a time. Peter meanwhile was terribly frightened. He was afraid it was all over with him, but he was resolved to make an effort for his liberty.



To give Mr. Binns twelve or even twenty blows on the nose was better than to suffer twelve months' imprisonment. So when that high-spirited functionary came up to him, holding a candle in his hand, the thief, helped thereto by the wine, knocked him down.

Mr. Binns, thinking discretion the better part of valour, did not get up again, but contented himself with roaring at the top of his voice, "Thieves! police! thieves!"

Driven frantic by his imminent danger, Peter Fletton worked harder than ever at the door-latch, and at last succeeded in opening it. By this time the admiral appeared on the stairs with a loaded blunderbuss, and pointing it to the butler was going to fire, when the latter exclaimed, "It's me, sir; don't fire, for the love of God, don't fire!"

"Where is the thief?" asked the admiral, sternly.

"In the street, sir."

"Why didn't you stop him?"

"O Lord, sir, there was a dozen or two of 'em," replied the butler.

Fortunately for the admiral's plate, a policeman had been attracted to the spot by Binns's cries, and when the thief saw the blue uniform of his enemy, he ran away, the policeman following him and springing his rattle.

"They're after him. Come along, we'll follow," cried Rear-Admiral Daglish.

"Follow him, sir?" repeated the butler, who did not much relish the idea of this midnight thief-chase.

"Yes."

"But he's bolted."

"So much the better; there will be more excitement."

Two footmen now appeared, and the housemaid; the cook also came upon the scene of action.

"Here, you, John and James, come along; we are going to pursue the thief," cried the admiral.

The cries were becoming fainter, but still the pursuit was hot. They had not gone far before they came upon a bundle. It was the table-cloth containing the admiral's plate, which Peter Fletton had thrown away to expedite his escape, and which the policeman, in the heat of the chase, had omitted to notice.

"That's it, sir—that's it," cried Binns in an ecstasy of delight.

"What?"

"The plunder."

"You never told me he had taken anything; and now how do you know you're right?" asked the admiral, doubtfully.

"I know the cloth, sir."

"In that case, you, James and John, take it home; we will continue the pursuit."

A hansom cab now came by, crawling home after having done as much work as the driver cared for, but when he saw that the admiral wanted him, and would pay well, he agreed to do, hoping that his horse could go a mile or two yet without knocking-up or dro, ping.

"Follow those cries of stop thief," exclaimed the admiral. "My house has been robbed, and I want to see the thief taken. Do you understand? Keep well up with the cries."

"Yes, sir," replied the cabman.

Away they went at a good round pace, tearing up this street and pelting down that; now in a main thoroughfare, now in a dirty by-street.

Peter Fletton was on his mettle—the admiral's port wine was doing its work. At any other time he would have given in at once, and whined abjectly for mercy, snivelling, "I didn't do it."

As the first policeman sprang his rattle at intervals, more police had joined in this man-hunt, and though they did not overtake him, they kept the game well in view.

Peter avoided the principal streets, and darted across the Seven Dials, and so on through Covent-garden to the Strand, and so on to Fleet-street; then he crept down a street leading to the river, and plunged in.

Very much like a hunted stag was he. Quite as relentless were his pursuers as those who hunt dumb animals. Perhaps they were right to be savage and unforgiving. His fellow men had made laws, and he had broken them because—he was hungry.

It was a fine night in June; the water was warm and anything but displeasing.

When the police came up they could distinctly see him swimming across the Thames. Having no boat at hand they could not pursue him.

Blackfriars-bridge was then demolished and the new bridge in the course of erection. The temporary structure loomed in the distance, and the railway bridge of the London, Chatham, and Dover was visible beyond.

A small detachment of police separated themselves from what may be called the main body, and, jumping into a cab, crossed over by the temporary structure to stop him on the other side.

Peter Fletton guessed that this would be done; and stopped when mid-way across to consider what was best for him to do. While he was deliberating, the admiral came up in his cab, and immediately alighting, exclaimed, "Have you caught him?"

"No, sir," replied the foremost policeman.

"Where is he?"

"We can see him in the middle of the river."

"Get a boat."

"We can't."

"Nonsense!" ejaculated Rear-Admiral Daglish, adding, "If you can't get a boat why don't you take to the water and swim after him?"

"Because I don't know how," responded the policeman.

This was a decided and decisive answer. What could the admiral say to it? He could only make a practical reply, and plunge in himself.

His eye fell upon the butler. It instantly occurred to him that he ought to know how to swim if he didn't. So he commenced the attack by saying, "Go after that man, Binns."

"Go after him, sir?" repeated Binns, in a state of the most abject terror.

"Yes, my good fellow; can't you swim?"

"Like an ounce of lead, sir—swim to the bottom."

"Confound it! I'll have all my servants taught to swim," said the admiral, adding, "come now! I'll give five pounds to the man who catches him."

"Was it your house he robbed, sir?" asked policeman X.S.

"Of course it was."

"Don't be excited, sir, we'll——"

"Excited! what do you mean, my man?" cried the admiral. "Wasn't I in China?" haven't I seen service off Sebastopol? haven't I been under fire more times than you are days old? and yet you call me excited."

"Beg pardon, I'm sure, sir," replied the policeman. "I only meant to say we're safe to nab him; safe as houses. He's a gone coon, sir."

"A gone coon, what's that? I don't understand police slang."

"It ain't slang, sir. A coon's a 'Merican kind of beast—kind of elephant, so I've heard tell."

"O, indeed! Well, go on."

"He's no 'prentice hand at this sort of work, sir."

"It was no 'prentice hand that knocked me down," observed Binns.

"He'll get five years' penal for this little caper," continued the policeman.

"And serve him right too! What business has he to go into people's houses to rob and plunder?" remarked the rear-admiral, who added, "caper; what's a caper?" It suggests boiled mutton. I really do wish, policeman, you would divert your conversation of these singular, out-of-dictionary words," said the admiral.

"What is it, sir? Well, I'm blessed if I know how to explain it, unless it's a rig. Coming a caper and running a rig are much the same."

"Bless the man, he's getting worse and worse! Abandon your idea of explanation, if you please. Coons, capers, and rigs shall remain enigmas to me."

A galley of the Thames police now descended the river. Policeman X. S. contrived to attract their attention, and they pulled to the wharf.

Peter Fletton remarked all this with a sharp eye, and determined to lose no time in seeking a harbour of refuge.

The tide was running up, but not very strongly. He had not much difficulty in keeping himself stationary.

All at once his eye caught the extensive scaffolding of the new Blackfriars-bridge.

"That will do—that will do it!" he exclaimed.

His idea was to swim to the scaffolding, and hide somewhere till the morning. Where, he at present knew no more than a baby; that must be decided by circumstances when he reached the refuge.

Swimming swiftly, but keeping low down in the water, he made for the new bridge works, while the Thames police and the land police were deliberating.

"What is it?" asked the coxswain of the Thames police-galley.

"Thief interrupted in a burglary has taken to the water," replied policeman X. S.

"Which way has he gone?"

"How do you mean, which way?"

"Up or down stream?"

"Towards Blackfriars."

"That's down. Why couldn't you say so?"

"I didn't know."

"It is my house he tried to rob," interposed the admiral. "I am Rear-Admiral Daglish, and I'll give five pounds for the thief's apprehension."

"All right, sir," said the coxswain. "Give way, men!"

The sound of the oars rising and falling in the rowlocks, spoke of the expedition with which they were rowing; and the admiral getting into his cab, waited to see the thief brought before him. The chase was novel, and it excited him.

Meanwhile Peter Fletton had not been idle. He had reached the works, and climbed up with some exertion. He picked his way very carefully, for one false step would have precipitated him into the river, and he would have had all his work to do over again.

The workmen had just finished the iron shaft or caisson in which the concrete for the column was to be laid, and a huge ladder led to the bottom, which was some considerable distance from the surface.

The iron caissons were square, and had been rivetted one on top of the other. The water had been pumped out, and part of the concrete laid in.

Finding no place of refuge, Peter Fletton bethought him of descending the ladder in the shaft. He did so. Under ordinary circumstances he would have shrunk from the attempt, but the admiral's famous port had put a soul in him.

Down, down, into the bowels of the earth, far below the bed of the river. Would he never come to the bottom.

At last his feet touch the concrete, which is perfectly dry, and he crouches down upon the ground at the foot of the ladder but underneath the spokes.

This was dictated by his innate and acquired cunning; he thought, "If anyone comes down the ladder after me, he won't think so much of looking under it."

The Thames police rowed to the bridge, made fast their galley, and commenced their search, but they found nothing. Then they came to the caisson.

"Think he's got down here, Bill?" said one.

"Not he; more likely made for shore."

"I'll try," said the first.

Taking up a piece of granite that weighed a couple of pounds, he cast it dashing down the shaft.

It struck the side of the ladder, and by that means Peter was saved. Had it hit his head, it would have broken it.

"Luck's on my side," he muttered.

The other Thames policeman took up a smaller piece of granite, and followed his companion's example.

As before, Peter was unhurt; the ladder protecting him.

"That's lively," he said; "I hope they're not going to keep the ball up. I've heard say that it's unlucky to go under a ladder; but I don't see it."

"It's no go there," said the coxswain of the galley; "let's try another stage."

So they re-entered their boat, and pulled to the staging about the next pillar.

It so happened that the tide was an unusually high one that night, much higher than the engineer had calculated upon, or he would have added an additional caisson to his structure; for, towards morning, the water began to drip, drip over the sides.

"Hillo!" cried Peter, as he started up from an uneasy slumber into which he had fallen, "what's this?"

A small body of water had fallen on his head.

"I hope it ain't raining," he went on. "If it is it's a great swindle; just as I was getting bootiful comfortable, too, and saying to myself, 'Ain't this 'ere plummy, and don't it lick the arches and sich-like into blue fits!'"

Just then some more water splashed over, and directly afterwards a heavy quantity came down, being incited thereto by the movement of a heavy barge.

Before he was scarcely aware of the fact, Peter Fletton was standing in two feet of water.

"This won't do," he said. "I must move to the attics, and give up the first floor, if the pipes is a-going to keep on a-busting like this 'ere."

The water now began to pour in in perfect streams, and it was with the utmost difficulty that he succeeded in climbing up the ladder.

When he did reach the top he was drenched through and through, and half suffocated.

"My stars!" (splutter, spit, splutter) he said, "if this ain't Cold-bath Fields."

Laughing at his joke, he looked around him. It was light enough for him to see the shore, and he resolved to plunge into the water and make for the gas-works on the Middlesex shore.

If anyone asked him any questions he could say he had fallen overboard from some barge.

As may be supposed, the admiral had got tired of waiting and gone home in a huff. The police had returned to their respective beats, and the capture of Peter was regarded as a forlorn hope.

Peter had miscalculated the strength of the tide; do what he would he could not reach the gas-works. While he was struggling with all his might and main up came the Thames Police galley.

Night duty was over, and they were going home to bed while a relay took their places.

"What's that swimming?" asked the stroke-oar.

"Man," replied the coxswain.

"Ain't dead body, I s'pose?"

"I can see it move."

"Ain't the chap as we couldn't find?" suggested the stroke.

"I won't say as it ain't. Easy, bow—back water four—pull her round three and five. Now then all together; that's your sort."

The next instant they were down upon Peter Fletton.

He tried to dive when he saw them, and that made them know he was guilty. If he had had the sense to appeal for help, and "pitch them a tale," he might have got off.

"That's him!" cried the coxswain.

Before a minute had elapsed, Peter, exhausted and panting, was hauled into the boat, and made to sit on the thwart near the coxswain.

"What do you want me for?" he asked.

"Burglary," replied the coxswain.

"I ain't done none."

"Of course not. We're all wrong; and so are the police everywhere. If you've anything to complain of, and you should'n't be the right cove after all, they'll let you go."

"I know I'm innocent," said Peter.

"Then don't fret."

"I only felt hoff hof a barge."

"And they wouldn't stop to pick you up?" laughed the coxswain. "I'd be one with them for that, if they'll believe your likely story."

There was a general laugh at this. Peter said no more, but sat perfectly still, folding his hands before him and shivering occasionally, for he was cold.

When they got near their police-station, which was floating near the Temple-stairs, Peter waited till they had shipped their oars.

Then, with a dexterous blow, he knocked the coxswain, who was standing up, into the water, plunging over the side himself, diving like a beaver, and made for the stairs.

In the commotion which followed, the men thought more of saving the coxswain than they did of catching the thief; and before he was recovered, and they could get their oars in the rowlocks again, Peter had reached the Temple-stairs and was scudding up the steps like a lamplighter.

By this clever ruse Peter got off; but whether he ever paid Rear-Admiral Daglish a visit again we do not know; though he lost several dozens of the old port three months afterwards, which may excite suspicion in some minds.

#### THE LATE LIBERAL DEFEAT.

THE following correspondence has been published:—

"20, Eaton-square, S.W., April 17, 1867.

"Dear Mr. Gladstone,—I find that many members of this House, who supported you on Friday evening, are anxious, like myself, to know what course you propose to take with regard to the remaining amendments to the Reform Bill standing in your name.

"It would be very useful, I am sure, if you could let me have a line from you on the subject before you leave town for the recess.

"Believe me, yours, very faithfully,

"R. W. CRAWFORD.

"The Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P."

"Hawarden, Chester, April 18, 1867.

"My dear Mr. Crawford,—I thank you for giving me an opportunity which enables me to make known to you and to others the course I propose to take with regard to the amendments on the Reform Bill as yet standing in my name on the notice-paper of the House of Commons.

"I need not state what must be in the minds of all, the nature of the amendment which the House rejected on Friday the 12th, being twenty-one voices, or the composition of the body of Noes by which it was so rejected.

"The country can hardly fail now to be aware that those gentlemen of Liberal opinions whose convictions allow them to act unitedly upon this question are not a majority but a minority of the existing House of Commons, and that they have not the power they were supposed to possess of limiting or directing the action of the Administration or of shaping the provisions of the Reform Bill. Still, having regard to the support which my proposal with respect to personal rating received from so large a number of Liberal members, I am not less willing than heretofore to remain at the service of the party to which they belong; and when any suitable occasion shall arise, if it shall be their wish, I shall be prepared again to attempt concerted action upon this or any other subject for the public good.

But until then, desirous to avoid misleading the country and our friends, I feel that prudence requires me to withdraw from my attempts to assume the initiative in amending a measure which cannot be effectually amended except by a reversal, either formal or virtual, of the vote of Friday, the 12th; for such attempts, if made by me, would, I believe, at the present critical moment, not be the most likely means of advancing their own purpose.

"Accordingly, I shall not proceed with the amendments now on the paper in my name, nor give notice of other amendments such as I had contemplated; but I shall gladly accompany others in voting against any attempt, from whatever quarter, to limit yet further the scanty modicum of enfranchisement proposed by the Government, or in improving, where it may be practicable, the provisions of the Bill.—I remain, my dear Mr. Crawford, most faithfully yours,

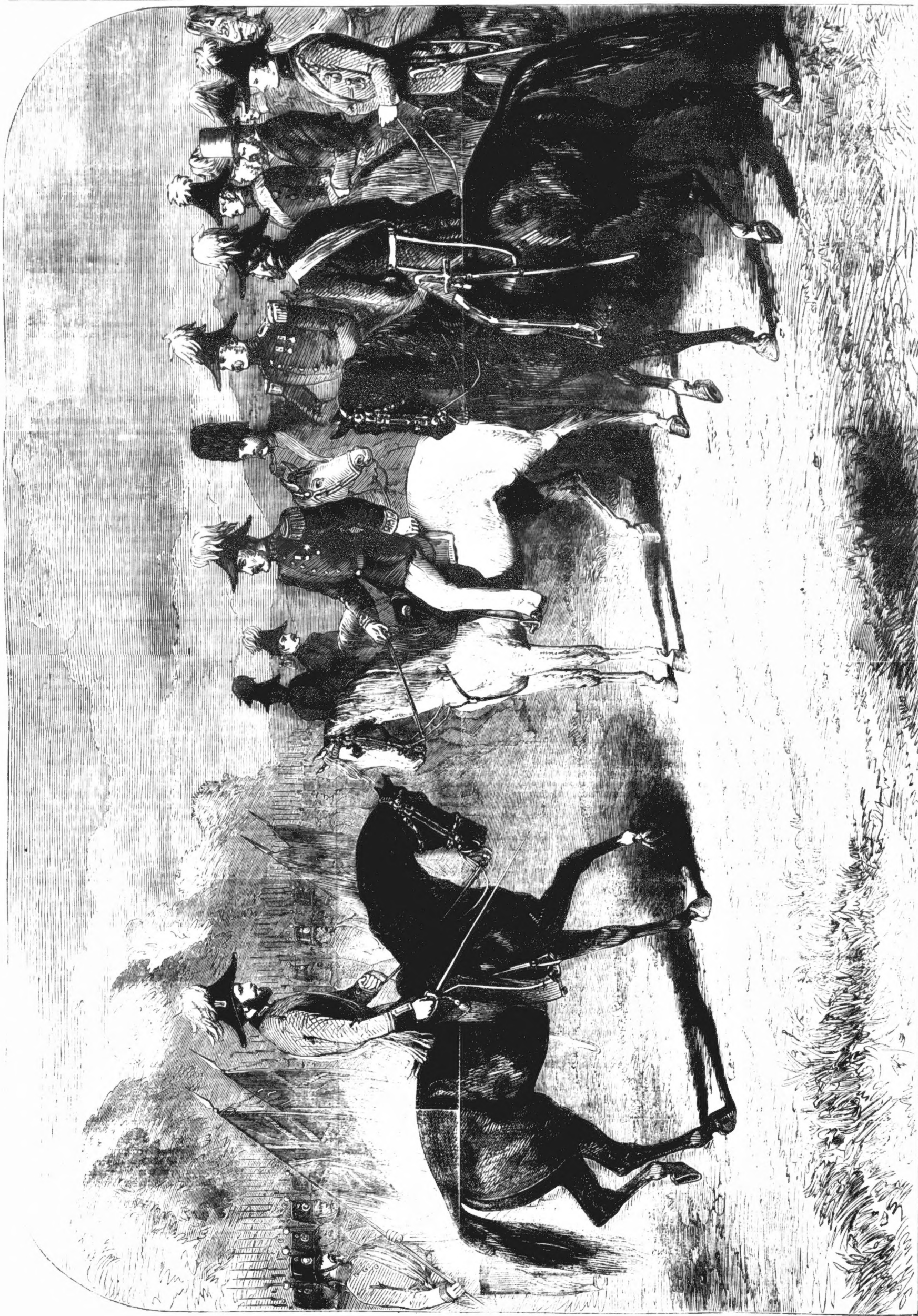
"W. E. GLADSTONE.

"R. W. Crawford, Esq., M.P."

Madame la Princesse de Metternich is making preparations for a grand *fête*, to be given at the Austrian Embassy, to all her compatriots in Paris visiting the Exposition.

We have to announce the death of William Sandilands (borne on the books of Her Majesty's ship *Victory* as W. Saunders), the last survivor of those who carried the dying Nelson to the cockpit of that ship at the battle of Trafalgar.





THE VOLUNTEER REVIEW.—MUSTER OF COMMANDING OFFICERS. (See page 17.)





RETRIBUTION (FROM A PICTURE BY E. ARMITAGE).

## RETRIBUTION.

ONE of the most remarkable pictures in the Exhibition of the Royal Academy in 1858 was Mr. Armitage's "Retribution," an engraving from which is given on page 185. The subject of the Indian mutiny inspired this painter with a design which gives us at a glance a complete synthesis of the rising, and all the horrors which accompanied it, with a foresight of that just vengeance which was afterwards wreaked on the treacherous "jungle tiger," so universally accepted as the symbol of insurgent sepoyism. Independently of the vigour of the drawing, the harmony of the grouping, and the force and beauty of the principal figure—that of Britannia—there is one quality in this picture which makes it appeal to all men, whether versed in the mysteries of art, or profoundly ignorant of its most elementary principles. We mean the simplicity and certainty with which the story is told. In all symbolic paintings there is a danger of falling into obscurity through an aiming at the abstract (as, for instance, in the majority of the frescoes which adorn the New Museum at Berlin); and there is another danger, still more hateful to a man of taste, which arises from the endeavours to make the design intelligible to the meanest capacity, and which prompts the artist to be unduly literal in the presentation of his idea. A man of true dramatic power will know how to avoid both these extremes, and this Mr. Armitage has certainly done in his "Retribution." The tower and the onion-shaped dome which belongs so peculiarly to the architecture of the East, are scarcely more than indicated at the back of the picture; the story is sufficiently told by the struggle between the calm, dignified, determined Britannia, and the howling tiger upon whose throat she has already laid her hand. The details too, which fill the picture and complete the tale, are introduced so as to produce a feeling of sadness and indignation without needlessly provoking our horror—a sensation which it is never the province of art to excite, horrible as the incidents may be which suggest his picture to the artist.

M. le Duc de Crussal is about to lead to the hymeneal altar Mlle. Anne de Murtemart, sole heiress to the immense fortune of her great grandmother, the late Widow Clicquot, of Champagne & Co.

## Dead Acre: A CHAIN OF EVIDENCE.

BY

CHARLES H. ROSS.

Part the Second.

A WHITE HAND AT WORK.

## CHAPTER X.—THE BLACK CAT.

It got about in the neighbourhood, after a while, that somebody was ill at Lady Lad's. The strange young lady, who had come in such a strange way that night in the cab, was said to be the invalid; but, presently, another rumour was circulated. Lady Lad herself lay ill—very ill, and was not expected to live.

There are always willing hands to be found ready to fall to at our epitaph at the first whisper of a serious indisposition. In a very few hours' time our vices have been engraven in fat capitals, on the moral tomb-stone, so that there is scarce room to get in the smallest virtue in the most blinding type. Swifter feet are trying on our shoes while they are yet warm. A bold down-stroke crosses our name in the book of fate, and, while yet we are gasping, they have found out how really easy it is to do without us. One, under these circumstances, feels almost ashamed of getting well again, and once more blocking up somebody else's way to fame and fortune.

My lady, of course, was nearer death this time than she had ever been before; but yet she was not in any immediate danger. It was, I think, the full-blooded beauty at the tobacco-shop who first subscribed to her death warrant. It seems sometimes almost unreasonable, in the eyes of very young, strong women, that the old ones should linger so long over the game; and perhaps it is natural they should not have much patience for aches and pains, and poor

plain faces, on which wrinkles are gathering like twilight shadows in the corners of a room.

My lady had often before had more severe attacks of illness, to which a fatal termination had not been even hinted at; it somehow seemed quite settled that this attack was to kill her. For many years past she had been suffering from one of those mysterious complaints persons advanced in life so often suffer from; the somewhat unsatisfactory medical description of which was "a chronic disorder." She had in her time tried a score of doctors, and as many more quack medicines she had seen advertised. The advertisers of quack medicines made fortunes in 1840 instead of going through the bankruptcy court; but now-a-days we have all grown wiser.

She had tried all sorts of remedies—one the very opposite of the other, and yet went on trying fresh ones; but she got no better. Periodical attacks, of more or less severity, confined her for a while to her bed, from which she arose again full of energy, determined to fight the battle to the last, and die hard.

But was she to recover this time? Certainly not, if there was any truth in the predictions made about her, both by the gossips in the neighbourhood and the dwellers in her house; for everybody said that she would never get over it.

"My lady's really very bad," Charity Stone had remarked; "she is so obstinate with it. It's waste of breath advising her. I told her not to sit up with young Mrs. Acre. But it's no good talking—I'm no one now in the house."

At a shop in Frith-street, where her ladyship dealt, Miss Jane had also expressed her opinion upon the subject—an opinion which was remembered in times yet to come, and much commented on.

"Worse luck, miss, the winter's coming," the shopkeeper had said, "that is the trying time for aged people."

To this the girl listened attentively.

"Do old people oftenest die, then, in the cold weather?" she asked.

"Well, mostly."

"And it wants three months yet—that's a long while."

"Yes, yes. There's plenty of time for her to get quite well and strong again by that time. You must take care of her, miss."

"Oh, yes, I will take care," said Jane, in an absent way—"great care. But she will die soon."



From this time the affair was as good as settled. My lady was in a very bad way, and there was not a shadow of hope for her—that is to say, as far as people out of doors were concerned, though her ladyship, herself, had no notion that things had reached such a pass, and grumbled not little at the extravagance of straw, which, at Miss Jane's suggestion, was strewed before the house, and fluttered away in stray wisps to litter the clean door-steps of tidy maid-servants in the adjoining streets—in some cases wandering to quite a surprising distance, and even getting mixed up with the bustle and turmoil of the great thoroughfare to the north.

On hearing the price of straw per load her ladyship was much troubled in spirit, and said that she much preferred the noise—it was more lively.

"Besides," said she, "there's nothing amiss with me. I don't want all this fuss."

"But you must take care of yourself," said thoughtful Miss Jane. "You must have another doctor."

"I've done with all the lot," cried her ladyship, in great anger. "I'll have no more to say to them. They're robbers, every man of them."

"I don't think all of them are."

"You don't think!" retorted my lady. "Who are you, to think? You don't know anything about it. But I've tried, haven't I?"

"Not all."

"Not all! Who said all? I've tried quite enough, though. Now I'll give my own remedy a chance. And my plan's to let nature have her way."

This was a new notion of Lady Lad's, to give the preference to nature over art. When not ill a-bed, her ladyship was much indebted to art for her blooming and youthful appearance. The aid of chemistry was largely employed in the production of those clear whites and reds of the company nights. Surely, nothing was much further off nature than that most fragrant of flaxen wigs, which it was the good soul's pride to oil and scent, and twist up into a hundred and one paper bobs. It would be, it seems to me, a cowardly act, whilst she lay there unwigged, and with her rouge washed off, to go peeping round and about in her bed-room, discovering now and then a tooth or an eye-brow, or the scattered wadding in which her poor old bones had once been muffled. One might have fancied, walking thus, as it were, among the fragments, that some awful battle had taken place hereabouts, and that her ladyship had been shaken right out of her skin—her skin hung upon a nail, and the old crank—the bare grout frame-work of wood and wire put away—creaking beneath the bed-clothes, fell to its shape in rigid lines, with here and there a spiky angle protruding.

During her indisposition, her ladyship did not lack for nursing. Had ever ailing lady of title a more attentive or patient watcher by her bedside than that pale-faced little girl, who noted the clock and gave her pills and mixtures, when she would take any, and, at other times, certain messes in the shape of broth, which Charity manufactured, labouring in so doing against two serious difficulties; the first, that she had nothing to make them of; the second, that she did not know how to make them if she had.

Ruth by this time, was slowly regaining her health, and often took her place by the sick lady's bedside, sometime sharing the watch with Jane, but oftener choosing to be there alone. Between the wife and daughter of the dead man, existed always a certain constraint, which had endured from that first night when the money-lender brought his young wife home to Norfolk-street, and which time had failed to soften. From the first moment they met beneath my lady's roof, Ruth saw that her presence was distasteful to the other. The *rencontre* in the passage had been too sudden and unexpected to permit of any dissimulation. She had read, as plainly as in a book, upon Jane's face, her consternation and dislike—a dislike which grew into bitter hate before many hours had passed over their heads.

The subject of doctors, though, as we have seen, somewhat summarily dismissed by her ladyship, was resumed again at no distant period by the young lady in this way:—

One morning, in my lady's bed-room, Miss Jane was, according to custom, reading the *Morning Chronicle*, and had read through the most interesting police cases, the fashionable intelligence, and such other matters as were "worth reading," a wondrous phrase, signifying sometimes with me all that the journal contains except that one column which is life and death to you, and beyond which you have no eyes for any other matters. Thus she came at length to the outside sheet, and, looking up, asked her ladyship whether she had ever tried the doctors who advertised?

"A pack of impostors," snapped Lady Lad; "get all they can out of you, and don't do you a pennyworth of good."

"I suppose they charge a great deal of money?" said Jane.

"Of course they do, and if it was nothing they would be dear."

"Why there is one advertiser here who wants no money," said Jane, after a pause. "I'm quite sure this one is genuine."

"Bah!" cried her ladyship, from between the blankets, "stuff and nonsense; I don't believe a word any of them say."

But after a pause of some seconds she added—

"Let me hear what it is."

Now was the time for Miss Jane's artfulness.

"Hear what?" she asked.

"Hear what? What the man says, to be sure. What else?"

Then Jane sought again for the advertisement which she had seen somewhere or other, she could scarcely remember now where it was, and read it out loud. A lady of large fortune, it said, had discovered a cure for that famous chronic disorder, and dying, had left her fortune to a relation upon one condition. That condition being that he should supply, gratuitously, a certain medicine to all who might apply for it. That in no case, under any circumstances, should he receive any remuneration whatever, in any shape or form, and that he should advertise these particulars at least six times annually in as many newspapers published in the United Kingdom.

"I don't believe a word of it," said Lady Lad, decisively; "but I think we'll write to him."

"I shouldn't give him anything if he asked," said Miss Jane.

"Not I," replied her ladyship, with a chuckle. "But there can't be much harm in hearing what the fellow has to say. I am certain he's an impostor, and so would you be too, my dear, if you knew a little more of the world."

At which remark the innocent she addressed made a little grimace, all to herself, behind the newspaper.

"And what's the address?" asked Lady Lad, presently. "You had better write at once."

The dispenser of this certain cure only allowed the world to become acquainted with him under his initials of "J. J.," to which, in the first instance, those desirous of obtaining the cure were to address to a given number in Piccadilly. Here, during the day, a letter was sent, and, early next morning, a quiet brougham stopped in front of her ladyship's house in Soho-square, and a gentleman sent up his card, on which, in the best copper-plate, was written the name of JEFFCOAT.

The certain cure that Mr. Jeffcoat had to dispense among his fortunate fellow-mortals was not a pill or an ointment, which the patient might easily have dealt with by herself. There certainly were pills to be taken, but there were several kinds, and it was of vital importance, if a cure was to be effected, that Mr. Jeffcoat should see the patient every day, and decide what pill ought to be taken.

We must, of course, suppose that a person with as profound a knowledge of the world as that which Lady Lad professed, could not possibly be deceived with respect to the merits of those pills, which the legatees of the philanthropic departed prescribed for her. And how could she be deceived, if she rapidly improved under his treatment, and, after his visits had lasted for a week, pronounced herself much better than she had ever been in her life before.

The finding of this skillful practitioner and his invaluable pills, was, then, surely, one of the most fortunate occurrences that had ever befallen her ladyship, and there was really some small amount of credit due to Miss Jane's sharp eyes, in finding out the advertisement, which, without her aid, would most certainly have been overlooked.

This young lady's joy at her ladyship's happy recovery was quite evident to all in the house, and dated from the new doctor's first visit, from which my lady's recovery dated also. Charity Stone was one day almost startled by hearing a merry tra-la-la upon the stairs, which came from Miss Jane's throat as she came downwards, radiant with smiles, and with her ordinarily white cheeks quite rosy. But in spite of Miss Jane's happiness, the servant's brow had often enough of late been overcast by a shadow of trouble. That open-hearted nautical gentleman had, upon several occasions, strolled into the square of Soho, and summoned his mother to an interview by a preconcerted signal.

At these meetings he had more than ever an open-hearted, devil-me-care, dashing way with him, such as delights the fond female heart. A random, rollicking dog, from whom no one who loved him could have withheld the few needful golden pieces. It seemed absurd to expect a ruddy-faced, blue-eyed creature such as he was to worry himself with troublesome calculations as to ways and means. He rolled into a tavern and ran up a score. That was a natural sequence. He got into debt and trouble, and called for his mother's wages to clear himself from his pecuniary embarrassments. Do you blame him? Let me tell you, if you do, that your conduct is unjustifiable, and that his mother would not have suffered it in his presence.

Now this Charity Stone ought to have been happy under existing circumstances, for by the sacrifice of a few pounds she had induced the dear scapegrace to spend many half hours in her company, and had prevented him from taking that long-threatened plunge to the bad which seemed, a while ago, quite unpreventable. Still, she was strangely anxious, and the shade gathered yet more deeply upon her sorrowful face.

So much so, indeed, that Miss Jane, ever mindful of what was passing around her, noticed her ill looks, ascribed them to ill-health, and urged her ladyship to obtain some medicine for her.

"Perhaps Mr. Jeffcoat could prescribe," she said. "He is—oh, so clever. I am sure he could if he will."

And later on, in a private interview with the dispenser of the pills, she proposed his giving the servant some medicine.

"But my dear child," said Jack, "you know I know nothing about it."

"But your pills have cured her ladyship?"

"I was so surprised to hear it," said Jack, "I've had a good mind ever since to take one myself. However, I can tell you one thing which rather goes against them. But this is strict confidence you know. I answered one or two persons for you, who wrote in reply to my advertisement, and let them have a pill or two. You should just see the letters I've had from them since. One is going to bring me before a police-magistrate, and another threatens to write to the newspapers. I suppose it is because I gave them for nothing. That was an awful mistake. If they had paid a guinea a pill, they would have been cured without doubt."

But Miss Jane was not to be put off in this way. She returned to the charge next day and proposed that Jack should see Charity and send her some sort of draught.

"A draught, mind," said she.

"Why?" asked Jeffcoat.

"I would rather it was a draught," the young lady answered, but without volunteering any other reason. Shortly afterwards, however, she added:—"Could you not prescribe something—that would be best? Yes, a prescription for a draught to be made up at the chemist's. I think it had better you should not buy the medicine."

Jack Jeffcoat listened to these suggestions, and laughed at them; but took no steps in the matter.

"No, no," he said to himself, "there's quite enough of this foolery as it is. I'm not going to do any more physicking."

He was, to tell truth, a little disappointed in the result of this famous advertising scheme. He, certainly, had obtained an entrance into Lady Lad's house, and had much gratified himself into that lady's good graces; but he had seen very little of the person he most wished to see, and his flirtation with the pale-faced little girl was beginning to be rather troublesome to him, and, indeed, made him not a little uneasy when he began to think how he was to get out of it presently.

Could Miss Jane have got any inkling of the real state of affairs? It is impossible to say; and yet it is certain that her dislike for Ruth, and her determination to rid the house of her presence hourly increased. More than once my lady, who noticed little, had caught the young girl's eyes fixed upon the other's face with a strange expression, for which she could not account, and Charity Stone was not slow to notice Jane's manner towards her dead father's widow.

"It's natural she should not like her," Charity thought. "Girls generally turn against their step-mothers. It's a cruel thing for a man with grown-up children to marry again."

But, then, there were degrees of likes and dislikes, and that business of the split physic had an ugly look, which often set Charity thinking. She had taken a great liking for the young widow, from the first, and, although she did not exactly know the rights of the case respecting Mrs. Drake, felt pretty certain that Jane's conduct in the matter had been, in some way, base and treacherous.

Therefore, she silently watched over the sick girl's welfare, and waited, as it were, upon the defensive, expecting a blow to be struck, and hoping to be in the way when the time came, to ward it off.

A somewhat unhappy state of things this, and the old constraint and distrust of the Norfolk-street home seemed to have found their way in here, beneath my lady's roof. Thus time wore on. The shadow deepened on Charity's face. Jack Jeffcoat yawned and fretted. My lady, once more, hobbled from room to room, and had even ventured out to catch a glimpse of sunshine on the sunny side of the square. The neighbours noticed a graceful figure and a pale beautiful face accompanying my lady in these walks, and it was observed at the tobacconist's, "She's got a new favourite. Well the

old woman must be warm. It's worth while fal-di-dalling a month or two, to have a fortune left to one."

More than once, of late, Jane's eyes had travelled quickly to this face and to her ladyship's, when she entered the room, and it struck her, too, that the old woman was growing fond of her new companion. At this notion, Jane would, for a few moments, lose some of that joyousness which she had lately manifested. But not for long. She was so happy just at this time, and the world was so bright and hopeful. What did it matter, even if Ruth supplanted her in my lady's affections. It was not her love she valued.

Her ladyship might even give Ruth her money if she thought fit; but still that was not likely, because the will was made in her favour. She would give her a few pounds perhaps. Well, she was welcome to that.

One day, however, the little household noticed a marked change in Miss Jane's demeanour. She had got a bad headache, she said. Her headaches had ceased for some time. "It was a pity," her ladyship said, "that she had not spoken upon the subject to the doctor." But it had come on, Miss Jane made answer, since the doctor's visit.

They had been alone together that day for a longer time than was usual, but Mr. Jeffcoat had been rather gloomy and silent. A little incident had, also, occurred which had caused Jane to be more than ordinarily thoughtful.

When Jeffcoat was first announced, Ruth was alone in the drawing-room. She sat by the window—a favourite place of hers, with her workbox on the table in front of her, and its contents littered about; among them a black velvet ribbon with a locket attached—a locket in which were two portraits, one of Ruth and one of her dead mother. When Jeffcoat knocked, Miss Jane was up-stairs in her own room. It was rather earlier than his usual hour, and she did not hear his knock. For the first time, therefore, since he began his visits, she was not there to meet him. Indeed, she did not come down until some twenty minutes later, and in coming down met Ruth ascending with down-cast eyes.

Jeffcoat was standing before the window with his face to the light, with the locket in his hands. As she entered, noiselessly, she saw him raise it to his lips and press them upon one of the portraits. On hearing her footstep he laid it down, hastily, and turned to meet her.

Presently she found an opportunity of taking up the locket from where he had placed it, and saw whose portrait it contained.

Later in the day Charity Stone was in the kitchen preparing some broth, which it was her custom lately to take up to Ruth's room, when Miss Jane came in with a glass of wine, which she said her ladyship had given her for Ruth.

"You needn't have brought it down, miss," said Charity. She hated to be disturbed during her culinary efforts, which were somewhat of the wildest. "You could have given it me up stairs."

"I am going out, and was afraid of forgetting it."

"But if you had given it her yourself?" the servant persisted.

"I was told to do what I have done."

Smarting under a sense of deep injury, Charity Stone began to knock about the pots and pans, and to season her cookery with a vigorous hand. Meanwhile, Miss Jane stood quietly by her side, and watched operations.

"I thought you were going out, miss," Charity burst out with at last, "I wish you wouldn't stop bothering here. You fluster me till I don't know what I am about."

So much was she flustered, in fact, that she took up the glass of wine instead of a glass of seasoning standing on the table, and flung it into the broth, and, curiously enough, Miss Jane never noticed the mistake, either at the time the accident occurred, or when Charity afterwards placed the glassful of seasoning upon a tray she had prepared to carry the broth upon.

But, although she did not notice this, she could not fail to observe that Charity wished her to leave the kitchen, and, very shortly afterwards, when the broth was poured out, turned to go away. At the top of the stairs, however, she heard the servant make an angry exclamation, and paused to listen.

"That comes of her pestering," Charity cried, testily. "I've spoilt the stuff with the nasty spice. It's as bad as poison."

Half-an-hour later Jane met the servant, looking very black, and flushed with her exertions.

"You've given me a nice job," Charity said, as she passed by.

"How?"

"O, with your fussing I spoilt the broth, and have had to make fresh."

"Make fresh! What did you do with the other?"

"What could I do with such mess?—I gave it to the cat."

Miss Jane did not go out for a walk, as she said she was going to do, but straight down-stairs into the kitchen. There, sure enough, was the fat Tom-cat, with a half-finished basin of broth before him.

He was not, however, partaking of its contents. It was to be supposed that he had eaten his fill and felt sleepy, for he sat before the basin cleaning his whiskers in a drowsy sort of way, and nodding his head now and then, as though he could hardly keep awake.

Presently he desisted altogether from making his toilet, and sat in a strange, stooping attitude, staring at the fire. Then he rose unsteadily, and staggered forwards towards the fender.

But his strength failing him half way, he began to totter and to sway to and fro, and fell heavily.

The girl stood silently by, watching the cat's movements, and looking earnestly down upon him, about a foot from where he lay. Tom, seemingly aware that something was wrong with him, and that there was an urgent necessity for human aid, cast a piteous look up at her, and mewed faintly. Then finding that she did not heed this appeal, he writhed himself towards her, upon the ground, and whined at her feet.

Yet she gave him no aid, and a convulsion seized him, his eyes glazed, and a blackish froth oozed from between his lips. In this state he writhed still closer to her, and whined again, and then with a last quiver lay still and dead.

Down in those lower beetle-haunted regions was a whole colony of cellars, in some of which the keys, rusting in their locks, had not been turned for years. In the darkest corner of one of these, be and a heap of rubbish where no one was ever likely to find him, the girl hid the corpse of the cat; then ran lightly upstairs, and went out for a walk.

(To be continued.)

The first female has been arrested for Fenianism. She was the wife of a printer named John Buckley, who has been absent since the rising. The documents found with her deeply involve her in the rebellion.



## CASUALTY AND CRIME.

The Rev. Walter Henry Hill, 72 years of age, has been found dead on the banks of the Monnow, near Monmouth. The deceased left his home to go fishing.

Catherine Stanton, the wife of a photographic artist, residing in Liverpool, was charged, before the town magistrates, with the mutilation of her husband by means of a razor, when he was lying by her side in bed. They had previously been quarrelling. The case was remanded.

A melancholy accident occurred at the Amiens-street terminus of the Dublin and Drogheda Railway, which has resulted in the death of Mr. Traynor, station-master to the company. It appears that as the unfortunate man was walking down the stone steps in front of the building he missed his footing and was suddenly precipitated down the entire flight. He received a dreadful fracture in the skull, from the effects of which he expired in a few moments.

A man named John Stewart, and three of his family—two boys and a girl—were crossing in a skiff from the Cntyre shore to Altglashi, a village on the north-west side of Arran, when the skiff was overtaken in a squall, and the whole party drowned. The skiff was found on Friday morning near the shore keel uppermost. Stewart, an industrious and respectable man, leaves behind a widow and three young children. The ages of those drowned are—eldest boy, 17 years; girl, 15; youngest boy, 10.

On Sunday afternoon a young man of gentlemanly appearance went into the first-class waiting room at Trent Station, near Nottingham, and from thence to the closet. An hour afterwards he was discovered in a pool of blood with his throat cut. He was immediately conveyed to the Nottingham General Hospital in an insensible state, where he expired yesterday morning. He is supposed to be the son of a clergyman named Ducknall, residing at Nuneaton. The cause of the rash act is said to be his non-success in attempting to pass an examination at St. Bartholomew's Hospital.

A singular suicide has been committed at the Futral, near Coleford, in the Forest of Dean district. A young man named James Ball, respectfully connected, 16 years of age, hanged himself with his whip in an oak tree on the Coleford-road. It appears that he was carting sand, when by some means a shaft broke and injured one of the horses. The deceased said to a lad, "I would not have done it for £10, it will cost £5 to mend it; that is a fine tale to go home and tell father to-night; it is enough to make a boy go and hang himself." The deceased then went up a hill into a small wood, and asked the lad to go with him. The lad (Amos Baynam) said "No," and deceased went away alone. Baynam waited for him a quarter of an hour, and, finding he did not return, went to the wood, and there saw him hanging to the branch of a tree by his whip, tied round his throat.

The workpeople employed at the Broadoak Colliery, Ashton-under-Lyne, were horrified on finding the portion of the body of a man lying across the top of one of the coke ovens, an aperture about 15 inches in diameter, the blaze from which was ascending above. The arms and the greater portion of the upper part of the body were entirely consumed, and the bones lay in white ashes all around. All trace of identification of the man is gone. He had neither shoes nor stockings on when found. The deceased was dragged away by the legs; what was left of the corpse was placed in a small box, and moved to the Church Inn, Higher Hurst, to await the coroner's inquest. It is supposed that the deceased must have sat near the top of the oven, fallen asleep, and while in a state of suffocation from the fumes of the charcoal, fell across the top of the oven, and hence the result.

A reverend gentleman, who is at present under the care of a keeper, at No. 9, Hanover-street, contrived to escape to the roof of the house. A dressing-gown was the only clothing he had on, and he carried a Bible in his hand. He crept carefully along the roof until he reached the Masons' Arms, when, looking over into the yard, he saw several people moving about there. He called to them, and so soon as he had attracted their attention, he divested himself of the little clothing he had on, stood up, opened his Bible, and, after giving out a text, began to preach a sermon in most orthodox style. The police were informed of the mad clergyman's proceedings, and two or three officers mounted to the roof, and tried to persuade the preacher to desist, and leave his perilous position. He refused, and then the officers took hold of him. Instead of quietly resigning himself to his custodians, he began to struggle with them, and it was not until some time had passed, and all concerned had been placed in considerable peril, that he was completely overpowered. Even after the struggle had ceased it was difficult to get him down from the roof and restore him to the charge of his keeper.

John Mackie was re-examined at Bolton, on the charge of attempting to murder his wife, Mary Ann Mackie. Her appearance in court, with bandaged head and neck, caused considerable interest. She is still evidently in a very weak state. Although they have lived apart, they appear to have been on intimate terms lately, and the prisoner had frequently visited his wife at her mother's house. She was greatly moved in describing the struggle she had with the prisoner in the tearhouse on the 5th inst. He first besought her to drink from his glass of porter, but she several times declined. Afterwards she sipped at it "to pacify him." He then twisted her right arm round, and so hurt her that she said, "You'll break my arm;" to which he replied, "It won't matter much." She invited him to go to have some dinner with her, but he declined, and wishing to get away from his grasp, she said, "Let me go to my dinner, then." He replied, "Not a—bit of dinner shall you have to-day." Immediately he attacked her with a razor, and, notwithstanding that she held her shawl to her throat, he inflicted three severe wounds. She struggled with him until she got on the floor, and was not released until some persons rushed into the room, in consequence of hearing screams of "Murder!" A man, named H. I., said he went into the room, and, after a few friendly words, prisoner pulled the razor out of his pocket, and boastfully said, "Si thi; it's here." H. I. said, "Did thou bring that in good earnest purposely for it?" Prisoner replied firmly, "I did;" and added, "If I did not do it then, I will do it." The prisoner was committed for trial.

Mr. Richards held an inquiry at the Sugar Loaf, Church-street, Spitalfields, touching the death of James MacDonald, aged 63 years. The deceased was a coal-whipper, and on Wednesday evening he retired to his lodgings, at No. 12, Thrawl-street, Spitalfields, very ill. He was in great pain, and John Walters, the deputy of the lodging-house, at once got an order for his removal to the Whitechapel Workhouse. On the way there he fell

in the street, and a large crowd gathered. The deputy then had him carried to the workhouse. Skelt, the workhouse porter, proved that the man died immediately after he entered the workhouse door. John Walters, the deputy, said that the reason for getting the order for the removal of the dying man was because the deceased was destitute. Witness procured an order from the relieving officer (Mr. Harris) for the doctor to see the deceased. Witness took that order to the doctor (Mr. Swyer), and at his surgery he saw his assistant. That gentleman gave an order for the deceased removal. He did not go to see him before he got the order. Witness described the state of the deceased to the doctor's assistant. The coroner said that the doctor or his properly-qualified assistant, ought to go and see any patient before giving a certificate for his admission into the workhouse. Police-constable John Reeves, 105 H, said, that on the evening in question he saw the deceased lying on the pavement in Church-street. He was surrounded by a crowd, who were trying to render him assistance. He was insensible. He was carried in a cart to the workhouse. It appeared that the order given by Dr. Swyer's assistant stated that he had been seen by Dr. Swyer, and that he had found the deceased suffering from rheumatic fever. It then ordered his admission to the workhouse. The witness deposed that the deceased had not been seen by any medical gentleman before the order was granted, or after it was granted. No doctor saw him before his death. Dr. A. M. Champneys, deposed that the deceased expired from effusion of serum into the ventricles of the brain. He was suffering from disease of the lungs. The coroner having summed up, the jury returned a verdict of Death from Natural Causes.

A man named Price, the son of a scripture reader, has been brought before the magistrates at Coleford, in the Forest of Dean, charged with having mangled and disfigured the dead body of Eliza Hughes, a child nine years of age, before burial, by using a razor and a hatchet to cut off the legs of the child, in order to make the body go into a parish coffin.—Edward Teague, relieving officer, said the deceased's mother was in receipt of parochial relief, and he ordered a coffin for the deceased child. Sarah Cooper, a widow, said she was present when the coffin was brought, and the corpse could not go into it, as the coffin was several inches too short. James Page, a miner, said he assisted to press the coffin on the breast so make it fit. The most revolting part of the evidence was that given by the child's mother, Eleanor Hughes, who said, "I knew before burial the coffin was too short, and heard that my child could not be got into the coffin; and, finding this to be the case, I consented to allow the feet to be cut off. I will not swear that I said to Price I would put my fingers in my ears, so as not to hear what he was doing."—Mr. Robert Reay deposed that he attended Littledean churchyard, and saw the body of Eliza Hughes exhumed, and he observed that the legs had been cut off at the lower joint below the knee by some heavy instrument like a hatchet, and the person who did this had missed his aim, as there was a deep cut to the bone appearing in one of the legs, and in cutting off the legs the joints had not been followed, one bone being cut through. Great force had been used in putting on the lid of the coffin, as the bridge of the poor child's nose was broken, and the nose bent on one side. The feet, too, were crushed straight, cut off, and placed by the side of the thighs. Philip Glastonbury, the parish clerk of Littledean, swore that Mr. Reay's evidence was correct. The prisoner was committed to take his trial at the next assizes.

## OUR OPERA GLASS.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—*Fra Diavolo* was produced last week, with Signor Naudin and Mdlle. Lucca in the two principal roles. The choral parts of Auber's charming opera are so familiar to every singer, and, moreover, so clear, straightforward, and easy of execution, that it would be strange if they presented any difficulties to the old, experienced singers who form the majority of the Covent Garden vocal company. Of the orchestra directed by Mr. Costa it is almost needless to speak. From the light and sparkling overture, in its style unvaried, to the end, all is irreproachable. At the same time, we feel impelled to make especial mention of the absolutely perfect manner in which the orchestral accompaniments are played throughout the bed-room scene of the second act, and most particularly where *Fra Diavolo* and his accomplices are arranging their plans near the couch of the sleeping Zerlina, whose unconscious utterances of the prayer, "O Verginissima," arrests the uplifted dagger of the superstitious Beppo—as ready, on an emergency, to mumble a "pater noster" as to commit a murder. A more skillfully sustained pianissimo it is impossible to conceive. To present anything like a dramatic embodiment of the "Fra" is beyond the power of Signor Naudin, who, neither a Chellier nor a James Wallack, looks no more formidable in the brigand's costume than fascinating in that of the "Marquis," and thus does not precisely account for the awe with which he inspires his associates, or for the spell which he exercises over the feelings of "Mladl." But he has mastered the music thoroughly, and for the most part sings it extremely well. In short, *faute de mieux*, in these times of dearth, Mr. Gye may well be felicitated on the possession of a tenor like Signor Naudin, master of so wide a repertory, and more than respectable in every part he—from Vasco de Gama to Pollio—undertakes. About the Zerlina of Mdlle. Pauline Lucca we have only to add to the almost unrestricted eulogy which we felt bound to accord to it last year, that from a musical point of view it has sensibly improved. We still are unable to give with her hyper-dramatic reading of the simple legend, "Quell'uomo al fiato aspetto" ("On yonder rock reclining," Zerlina's description of *Fra Diavolo* to the disguised brigand); but here again the public is evidently against us—if the "enore" it brings down may be taken into account. In the scene of the bedroom Mdlle. Lucca is lively, natural, and charming from first to last. She will have her own way, and get into bed in her own way, and cover herself up with the bedclothes in her own way, but the whole is done in a manner so naive and artless that even Mendelssohn, who when he saw *Fra Diavolo* in Paris (1839) vowed he could never have found music for such a situation, would have been forced to own that, after all, it was not surprising a French musician could find music for it, and a beautiful music in the bargain—music, in fact, such as Auber found. The scene before the looking-glass, with the lovely air, "Si domani, si domani," and the pretty *coda*, while warbling which Zerlina innocently admires the reflection of her face and figure, is, in Mdlle. Lucca's performance, a piece of genuine art, and can hardly be too warmly extolled. The other characters may be dismissed in a sentence. Mdlle. Morossi acts the part of Lady Roeburg admirably well, but occasionally leaves something to wish for in her execution of the music. Signor Neri Baraldi's Lorenzo is exactly what it has ever been; Signor Polonini is efficient, as usual, in the little part of Matteo; the two thieves are played to the life by Signors Tagliacozzi and Capponi (Signor Tagliacozzi's delineation of Beppo being a thing

per se); and Signor Ciampi's Lord Roeburg is as different from the Lord Roeburg of Signor Ronconi as one thing can be different from another. Signor Ciampi, however, enjoys the advantage of an enormous pair of whiskers. But the music alone of *Fra Diavolo* is so sparkling, fresh, and melodious, from the first bar to the last, that so long as there is a Zerlina like Mdlle. Lucca the opera cannot fail to delight an audience with ears attuned to harmony. Drury Lane the Haymarket, the St. James's, the Olympic and the Strand have produced their Easter pieces, but want of space compels us to defer our criticisms.

## THEATRICAL TATTLE.

Costa's oratorio *Eli* will shortly be performed by the Sacred Harmonic Society.

Victor Hugo's *Ruy Blas* is being translated for the members of the A.B.C., who will appear in it at Cambridge during the course of next term.

The twenty-second anniversary dinner of the Royal General Theatrical Fund took place on Thursday evening last, at the Freemason's Tavern. Mr. Dion Boucicault presided.

*It is Never Too Late to Mend* will shortly be produced at the Surrey Theatre, with the same scenery, &c., as at the Princess's. Mr. Calhaem has been engaged to play his original part of Jackey, his impersonation of which is one of the first in its class on the modern stage.

It is stated in one of our contemporaries that a passage in *La Fille du Millionnaire* of Emile de Girardin's, "War is ruin, peace is salvation," is loudly cheered.

On the 23rd *Romeo and Juliet* is to be performed at the Theatre Lyrique.

The fourteen first representations of *Don Carlos*, at the Opera, produced a total of one hundred and forty thousand francs.

*Les Souvenirs*, a comedy in four acts, by M. Adolphe Belot, was given for the first time at the Théâtre du Faubourg, on the 10th inst. This is a work of pure sentiment, and obtained an honourable and enviable success. The subject is the eternal history of the human heart, wilful and fickle.

Victor Hugo's *Hernani* is about to be revived at the Théâtre Français, the only theatre authorised to play his dramas, and no other play of his will be given before the month of January, 1868; therefore talk about *Ruy Blas* being performed at the Porte Saint Martin is without foundation at present.

The American steamer *Guiding Star* has arrived at Havre, having on board the greater part of the material and personnel belonging to the American Circus which is about to pitch its tent in the Champs Elysées during the Exposition. The celebrated Indian warrior U-ta-wa-nu (Swift Arrow); and his daughter We-no-na (White Swan), form part of the troop.

*The Grande Duchesse de Gerolstein*, a new three-act comic opera, written by M.M. Meilhac and L. Halévy, music by M. J. Offenbach, has met with immense success, and is a triumph for the Variétés. The first act is the best one of the three, and it would be impossible for the most grave person to refrain from laughing to tears during the whole performance. Mdlle. Schneider greatly distinguishes herself, and the performance was very well executed by all the actors.

In a few days the Theatre Italien will give M. Luigi Bordease's new three-act opera, *La Fioraia* (The Flower Girl). The principal part was to have been sung by Mdlle. Patti, but her active employment since the beginning of the season has prevented her from learning this part, which will be given to Mdlle. Laura Harris. There are only four *dramatis personæ* in the opera: Gelsomina, Mdlle. Harris; Gennaro, M. Nicolini; Federico, M. Verger; Toniotto, M. Craschi. The libretto is by M. de Lanzieres.

On Monday the troupe of Japanese performers, who are at present giving their entertainment at the Floral Hall in Covent Garden, attended by royal command at Windsor Castle, and gave a special display of all their extraordinary feats and illusions. It being the birthday of Her Royal Highness Princess Beatrice, a numerous and distinguished company had been invited to the castle, and they witnessed the playing, which lasted from three to five o'clock, and was much applauded. The Japanese were accompanied by Mr. J. Mitchell, Mr. E. Prior, Mr. W. Grant, and their manager, Mr. Nimmo. Mr. Osborne Williams officiated at the pianoforte.

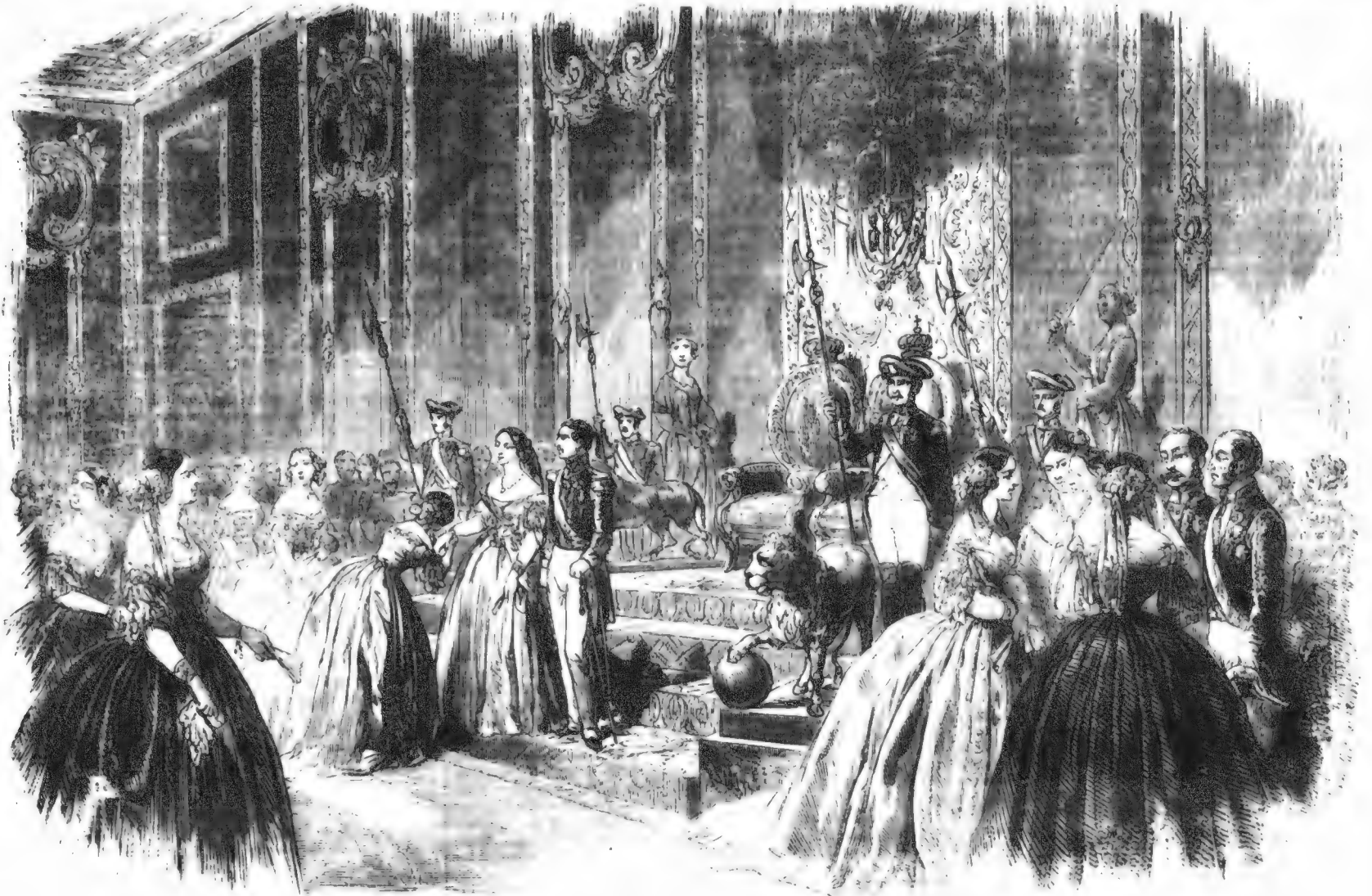
The manager of Drury Lane Theatre has been presented with a magnificent testimonial, in value 250 guineas, which was subscribed for by members of the Drury Lane company, assisted by a few personal friends. It consists of a large silver, pair of waiters, tea and coffee service, claret jug and cup, and a cigar case, all of silver richly wrought. On the silver is the following inscription:—"Presented to F. B. Chatterton, Esq., by the members of the company of the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, and a few of his personal friends, as a token of the esteem in which they hold him, and as a mark of their admiration for the ability and honourable conduct which has distinguished his career as the lessee and manager of the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane. April 18, 1867."

Archbishop Manning has solicited of the Pope an indulgence of one year to all who shall devoutly recite the Gloria Patri and Ave Maria, with the intention of obtaining from God the perfect conversion of the English nation to the obedience of the truth and intimate reconciliation to the chair of St. Peter. The Pope has granted the prayer by a rescript, which the archbishop has published, and in which we read the aspiration, "May this union be according to the spirit of this Holy See, the Mistress of faith and truth."

CARDS FOR THE MILLION.—A Copper-Plate Engraved (any style), and Fifty Best Cards Printed, with Card Case included, for 2s. Sent post free by ANTON GRASSE, the noted Cheap Stationer, 303, High Holborn, and the New Borough Bazaar, 95, &c.

AN ELEGANT COUGH REMEDY.—In our variable climate during the winter months coughs and colds appear the greatest enemies to mankind, and we are pleased to be able to draw the attention of sufferers to "Strange's Celebrated Balsam of Honey," which as a cough remedy stands unrivalled. Honey, in the form of a Balsamic preparation, is strongly recommended by the Faculty, our medical works, and by Dr. Pereira (late lecturer on medicine to the hospital).—See *Materia Medica*, vol. 2, page 1831. It will relieve the most irritating cough in a few minutes, and by its mildly stimulating action, gently discharges phlegm from the chest by easy expectoration, and restores the healthy action of the lungs. The amount of suffering at this time of the year is incalculable, and numbers from the want of an effectual remedy at a low cost, have the germs of consumption laid. Sold by most chemists at 1d. per bottle, large size 2s. 3d. Prepared by P. Strange, operative chemist, 260, East-street, Walworth. Agents: Messrs. Barclay, Farringdon-street; Newberry, St. Paul's; J. Sanger, 150, Oxford-street; and Butler and Crispe, Cheapside.—ADVT.





ROYAL BALL AT THE PALACE OF ST. JAMES, 1866.



CRIM-TARTARS LEAVING A MOSQUE. (See Page 177.)



### SOCIETY: Its facts and its Rumours.

Her Royal Highness the Princess Christian and the infant Prince are progressing very favourably.

In a fortnight from this date (Saturday) their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess Christian will leave the Castle for their new residence at Frogmore.

We understand that there is no truth in the report that H.R.H. the Princess of Wales will proceed this summer to Denmark.

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales has honoured Mr. Dickenson with a sitting for some photographs at his studio in New Bond-street.

The marriage of Miss Venetia Stanley Errington, daughter of Sir Rowland Stanley Errington, with Viscount Pollington, took place on Wednesday, the 24th inst.

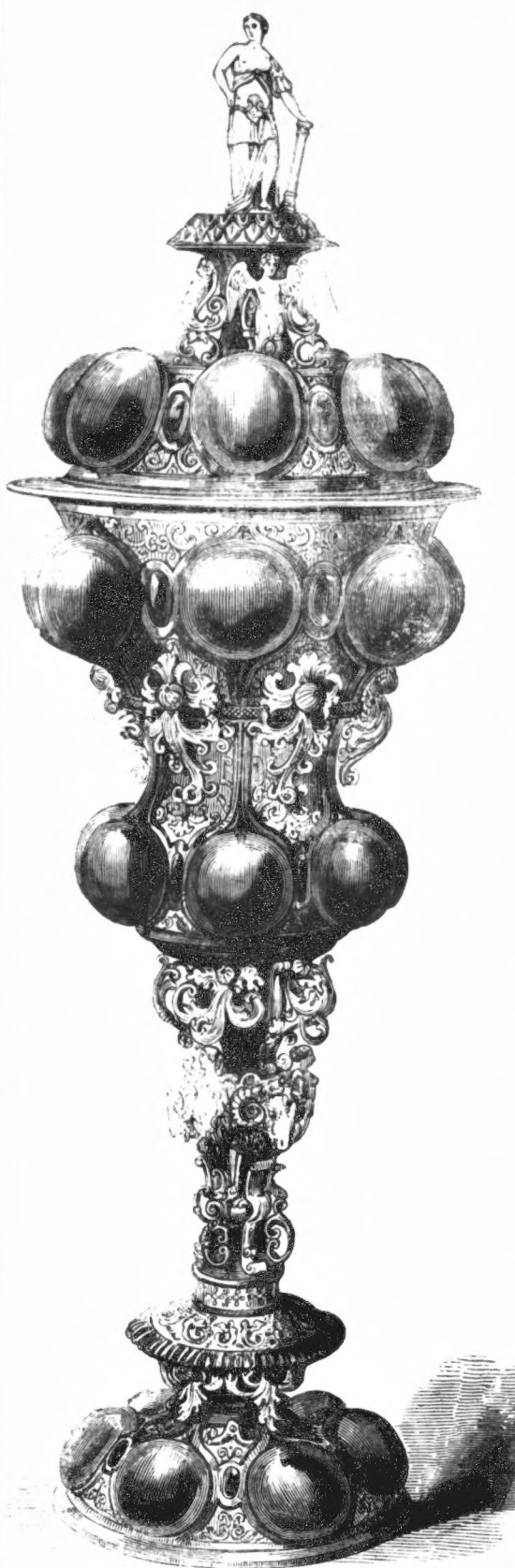


WORKS OF ART AT THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

The King of Denmark has presented Captain Shaw, Superintendent of the Fire Brigade, with a valuable ring, set with diamonds, in remembrance of his trip with the Prince of Wales to the recent fire in York-street, Walworth-road.

The Queen and Royal Family leave Windsor Castle to-day for Osborne, where Her Majesty will remain a fortnight. Afterwards the Queen will return to Windsor, and in the week following leave for Scotland. During the week in which Her Majesty will be at Windsor the christening of the infant son of the Prince and Princess Christian will take place.

The Marquis of Bute sends the following letter to the *Scotsman*:—"Edinburgh, April 17, 1867—Sir,—The statement which has appeared in the *Scotsman* of to-day with reference to me calls for an immediate contradiction on my part, which I feel sure you will enable me to give. I have not become, nor am about to become, a convert to the Roman Catholic Church, either at Oxford or elsewhere.—I am, &c.,  
Bute."

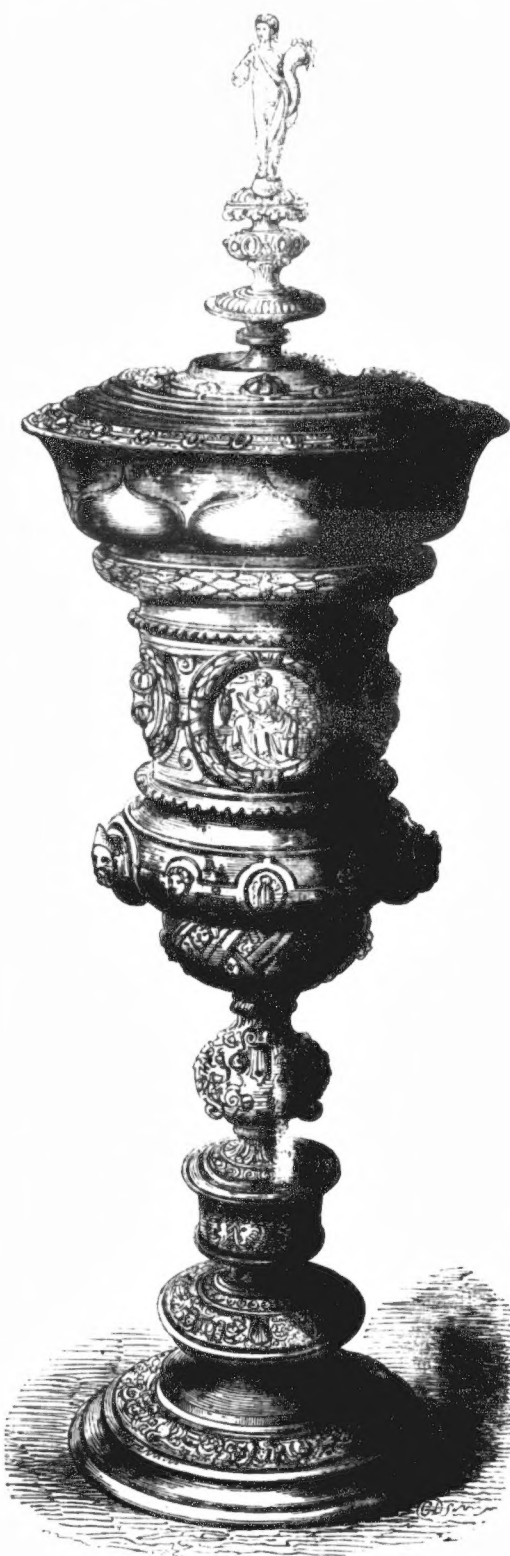


WORKS OF ART AT THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

In the accident to the Duchess of Roxburghe, Her Grace had two ribs broken, and is otherwise injured internally. Lady Charles Innes Ker, although suffering from severe contusions of the face, is going on favourably.

Messrs. Elkington and Co. have had the honour of submitting to the inspection of the Queen a vase made of standard gold, enriched with jewels, and enamelled in parts. It is intended to form the central and principal piece of a de-sept service, of which the other portions, in silver gilt, are now in the Exhibition at Paris, being intended as the gift of an eminent Parsee merchant of Bombay to an English merchant residing there. Five thousand pounds is the value of the service.

Lord Warkworth's coming of age at the end of next month will be celebrated with great rejoicings at Alnwick Castle, the ancient seat of the house of Percy. The young Lord Warkworth will attain his majority on the 29th proximo, on which day a grand entertainment will be given to upwards of 1,000 persons, tenants and others, on the family property in the north. The great tent, constructed by orders of the third duke expressly for



WORKS OF ART AT THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

the reception of Queen Victoria and the late Queen Adelaide, and the late Queen of the Belgians, calculated to accommodate upwards of 1,000 guests, is to be taken from Sion Isleworth, to Alnwick. The marquee, one of the most extraordinary constructions ever conceived, is to be erected on the lawn adjoining the castle, where the whole of the tenantry on the ducal estates are to be entertained. The festivities are expected to extend over several days, during which a distinguished company will be the guests of the Earl and Countess Percy. It is feared that the venerable Duke of Northumberland, now residing at Torquay, will be unable, from his extreme age and consequent physical infirmities, to be present on the occasion.

A return, giving various statistics in reference to the metropolitan police-force, has been issued, on the motion of Captain Grosvenor. It shows, with respect to 1866, that the total number was 7,548, the average number on day duty being 2,924, and on night duty 4,624. In the same year 255 were dismissed, and 732 resigned. Since 1856 there were 535 members charged with various offences, 163 were convicted, and 372 discharged.



## MORNINGS WITH THE MAGISTRATES.

At Wandsworth, several men were charged with cruelty to donkeys. It was stated that Clapham Common was never so full of persons as it was on Friday, and the donkeys were driven without intermission for several hours, during which time the poor creatures were beaten severely with sticks to urge them on to complete the ride, the sooner to obtain other riders. This kind of brutality was carried on for some time, when the officer could not bear it any longer, and he took the men into custody.—The defendants denied injuring the donkeys, and invited the magistrate to inspect them.—Mr. Dayman refused, and said if the prisoners would act so much like brutes, it was right that persons were present to watch them. He then inflicted penalties of 10s. in each case.

At Southwark, Michael Collins, a tall, powerful-looking man, was placed at the bar, before Mr. Burcham, charged with being concerned with another, not in custody, in garrotting Louis De St. Jean, a French drawing master, and robbing him of 12s. The prosecutor said that he lived at 5, Great Union-street, Borough-road. On the previous night, a little before twelve, he was passing up a street leading from the Blackfriars-road towards the Borough-road, when the prisoner and another man accosted him. They told him they were hard up and wanted some money. Witness gave them eighteenpence, saying that it was all he could spare, as he was not a rich man. At the same time he asked them the nearest way to go home. The prisoner said, "Oh, all right, we will show you," and then they took him down a by-street and knocked him down. As he was getting up the prisoner struck him on the right eye, and then seized him by the throat, when they rifled his pockets of 12s., all the money he had. He called out "murder" and "police," and as soon as a constable approached the other man ran off, but the prisoner was secured. A police-sergeant asked for a remand, as he believed he should be able to apprehend the prisoner's companion. They were both well-known thieves. The prisoner was accordingly remanded for a week.

At the Thames Police-court Charles Babbie, aged twenty-seven, of No. 1, Twine-court, Shadwell, was charged with cutting and wounding Ellen Santry, an Irishwoman, of the same place. It appeared that the complainant and her sister were quarrelling, and the prisoner and another man known by the soubriquet of "Scotty," who has absconded, the paramours of the two women, interfered and joined in the quarrel. Scotty armed himself with a poker and a prisoner brandished a huge knife. A disgraceful fight took place in one of the most infamous houses in Shadwell. The prisoner used the knife and cut Ellen Santry's arm with it. She received a very bad wound, which bled copiously. Her sister, Kate Santry, swore that Scotty inflicted the wound, and that Charley, the prisoner, struck her afterwards. Mr. Paget said the prisoner was the only person who had a knife in this unseemly quarrel, and that when a knife was used in any quarrel it was necessary to punish the offender with great severity. He came to the conclusion that the prisoner cut the woman with the knife, and he should convict him of an aggravated assault, and sentence him to four months' imprisonment and hard labour. The prisoner:—"Make it a fine, if you please." Mr. Paget:—"No. I never inflict a fine for violent assaults. Four months' imprisonment—nothing less."

A few days ago, at Southwark, the Rev. Mr. Keppel, a clergyman, was charged with an indecent assault on a young woman named Fraser. The offence was alleged to have been committed while the complainant was getting out of a third-class carriage at the London-bridge station. The evidence of the complainant was corroborated by that of her mother and a railway porter, who were in the carriage at the time. The defendant declared that he was innocent, and that all he had done was to endeavour to press down the capacious crinoline of the woman, which was raised as she was getting out of the carriage. The magistrate remanded the case, and the evidence was reported. The result has been that several witnesses have come forward to disprove the charge. One of these witnesses says that the woman Fraser made a similar charge against him at the Charing-cross station not long since, when he had been guilty of no offence; and other witnesses, who were in the carriage where the present offence was said to have been committed, declared that the rev. defendant had done nothing but endeavour to keep down the complainant's crinoline when it was unduly raised. Under these circumstances the magistrate remanded the prisoner.

John Green and Alexander John Simpkins were charged at Bow-street Police-court with stealing several gold watches, valued at 66l, from the shop of Mr. Skelton, clock and watchmaker, 43, St. Martin's Lane.—Mr. Skelton stated that on the 9th of March he went out about four o'clock and returned at about five, when he found that nine or ten gold watches had been taken from the glass-case. He knew the numbers and makers names of seven of them, the value of which was 7l.—Catherine Cox, housekeeper to the last witness, said that shortly after her master went out a cabman came to the door and asked her to speak to a passenger in his cab. She went to the door of the cab, but on looking round and seeing some men in the shop returned to the door. The man seized her in the passage, by the shop door, and flung her to the back of the shop. She believed Simpkins was the man. On coming to the door she saw the same man and another, whom she believed to be Green, running up the street, and begged a gentleman to pursue them, as they had robbed the shop. She had missed some of the watches, especially three or four which were kept in the front of the case, and were of peculiar appearance. She saw them safe about three or four o'clock.—After some further evidence both prisoners were remanded.

At the Greenwich Police-court, John Hart, of Hales-street, Deptford, was brought up for the third time on remand, charged with committing a violent assault upon James Kennedy, an aged man, and wounding him in the head. It appeared that Kennedy and his wife had been to see a relative to the railway, and on returning home a noise was heard of a quarrel in an adjoining house to their own, and in which the prisoner resided. Kennedy's wife went to ascertain the cause, and then found a female, whom the prisoner was assaulting, screaming for help. This witness asked if there was no one who would come to the protection of a woman, when the prisoner rushed out of the passage and struck her, and afterwards threw half a brick at her. The complainant went to his wife's assistance, when the prisoner immediately seized him by the hair of the head and dragged him into the passage, declaring that he was "the King of the Fenians," and that he would have somebody's life that night. Police-constable 254 B was called to the house, and on entering a room he found the complainant bleeding profusely from a wound in the head. The prisoner was also in the

room, and had in his hands a knife and a pair of shears both covered with blood. Mr. Fisher, one of the police divisional surgeons, said that, although the wound was at one time serious, the complainant is now out of danger. The injury was most likely occasioned by a blow rather than a sharp instrument. The prisoner said that he was drunk at the time, and bore neither the complainant nor anybody else animosity. Mr. Traill sentenced the prisoner to two months' hard labour in Maidstone Gaol.

At the Thames Police-court, Catherine Madden, a stout able-bodied woman, was charged with being refractory and assaulting William Folo, the porter of the workhouse of St. George's-in-the-East. The prisoner is an ill-conditioned, violent, and foul-mouthed woman, and has been an inmate of St. George's Workhouse for some time. She had occasionally broken out into fierce paroxysms of anger, used threats to the inmates and officers, and disturbed the arrangements of the place. She has given birth to an illegitimate child in the workhouse, and cannot find the father of it. She was once committed to prison for a short time for refractory conduct, and when she came out of prison was readmitted into the workhouse, and became worse than ever. On Friday she was making a great noise and using very bad language. She was ordered to be removed to the refractory ward, and that difficult task was entrusted to Folo. Her rage was ungovernable; she raved, swore, and used the most odious epithets and language towards him. She kicked him several times, and when he seized her and made an attempt to remove her, she resisted with great energy and determination. Thomas, the labour master, went to the assistance of Folo, and she attempted to bite him. The porter declared that the prisoner was the queen of the termagant, and the most troublesome woman he ever had to deal with.—The prisoner, in defence, abused Folo and Thomas, and said she was pulled all to pieces. The officers denied using more force than was necessary to secure her. The magistrate said the prisoner ought to be out of the workhouse, and obtaining her own living. He sentenced her to be imprisoned for two months and kept to hard labour. As her child was at the breast she would be allowed to take it to prison with her.

At Marlborough-street Police-court, Mr. Besley applied for a summons against the Rev. Raikes W. Tollemache on behalf of Joseph Belcher, waiter at the Phoenix Club, St. James's-place, for libel. Some weeks ago Mr. Tollemache was charged at this court with stealing two marked cigars from the cigar-case of two members, and the principal witness against him was the waiter, Joseph Belcher, who had watched him through a hole bored in the door of the room where the alleged robbery had been committed. At the second examination the case was not proceeded with, and the rev. defendant was discharged. He subsequently wrote a letter to the proprietor of the club, demanding the discharge of the waiter as the condition of his remaining a member, and in the letter he said the marked cigar had been placed in his cigar-case, and a cigar-case belonging to a member had been placed in his travelling-bag by the waiter. The writer went on to say that the reason for this conduct was that the waiter had been accused of overcharging one of the members, that a cabal had been got up among the servants, who, being desirous of shifting the onus from their own shoulders had brought the charge of stealing cigars against him. Mr. Knox said the letter no doubt contained libellous matter, and inquired if its connect on with the applicant could be sufficiently shown. Mr. Besley said the application of the libel to the complainant Belcher could be made out beyond question. Mr. Knox granted the summons.

At the Thames Police-court, John Crane, age 29, was charged with assaulting and wounding Donald Cameron. Mr. Charles Young, solicitor, conducted the prosecution; Mr. Gomm, clerk to Mr. John Hodgson, defended the prisoner. The prosecutor and the prisoner were both able seamen on board the ship Abbots Reading. On the 7th of January last they were at the pumps with others, and a quarrel took place between them. The prisoner struck Cameron with his fist, and both armed themselves with belying pins. The second mate came between them and sent them back to the pumps. The prisoner said he would "mark" Cameron before he went to sleep. They were at the pumps five minutes after this, and the prisoner was observed to put his hand to a sheath knife at his back. Cameron was seated on a spar, and Crane was watching him attentively. After this the prosecutor had another spell at the pump, and the prisoner drew his knife and slit his nose with it. The lower part of the nose was severed. The captain of the ship dressed the wound, and he confirmed in part the evidence of the complainant, who is frightfully disfigured for life. The cross-examination only went to prove that there had been previous quarrels between the parties, and an attempt was made to show that the prosecutor was struck with an iron bar. It was, however, satisfactorily proved that the prisoner cut the prosecutor across the face with his knife, which he threw overboard directly afterwards, at the same time exclaiming, "No one shall have it." On the prisoner being arrested by Police-constable Stubbings, 111 H, an officer attached to the Thames police-court, he said, "I did not do it with a knife, I did it with a piece of iron." The official log book was produced, and the entry confirmed the statement of Cameron. His evidence was also corroborated in every particular by other witnesses, and Mr. Partridge committed the prisoner for trial at the Central Criminal Court.

At Worship-street Police-court, Matthew H. Waller, resident in York Street, Mile End, answered a summons charging him with having violently assaulted Mary Ann Waller, his wife.—Mr. Beard attended to support the complainant; but the defendant, a spare, harmless looking person, was unassisted.—From the evidence of the wife it appeared that on the 9th inst., after retiring for the night, her husband struck her on the eye and blackened it, simply because she would go where he did not wish her.—Mr. Beard remarked that the assault having been committed in a bed-room, there was necessarily an absence of corroboration.—Defendant forbore asking any questions, but read clearly a well-written letter, that detailed his real or fancied grievances. He had for some short time past, been greatly distressed at his wife's conduct, and, as he conceived, undue familiarity with one John Hales, a relative, he believed, and a widower; to this person's house she would go, although he (defendant) not only forbade, but even implored her not. Moreover, she at such times would return intoxicated, and it was on the occasion in question, after her telling him that she would go as frequently as "John" wished her, that he struck her, for which act he instantly felt great sorrow and infinite shame.—Mr. Newton recalled the wife, who insisted that she had never been forbidden to visit "John," whose wife died on the 14th of February last.—Defendant begged that his witnesses might be heard. Mr. Newton readily assented, and Martha Morgan, aunt to the complainant, deposed that the couple had lodged in her house a fortnight, and apparently with happiness, until Mr. John Hales became a visitor there, since which time complainant had

come home intoxicated and lain on the sofa in that state; that complainant left house directly her husband had done so for his business in the morning; that John had said to defendant, "Mary Ann shall come as often as I wish, and you forbid her at your peril;" that Mary Ann (complainant) had said she would go; that on the night of the assault she had told her husband that "John" and her had lobster for supper; that defendant thereon went to bed, shortly after which, on complainant following, there was a noise, as of a chair falling, but not any scream. The next morning she showed a bruise, and said defendant had done it. After corroborative testimony, Mr. Newton observed: The assault is admitted, and I have been waiting to learn whether there was any provocation; in my opinion there was, and I dismiss the summons. (To complainant): Don't you go about after other men. You have sworn to obey your husband, and do so. I might say more on this matter but perhaps it is better not.—Mr. Beard: Mr. Hales is present, sir, and wishes to be heard.—Mr. Newton: The summons is dismissed.

At the Thames Police-court, Joseph Thomas Foster, aged ten years, was brought before Mr. Partridge, charged with stealing 5s. from his parents. The prisoner was a clean, healthy, well-dressed little fellow. His father Frederick Foster, of No. 10, Duff's-fields, St. Leonard's-road, Bromley, stated that his eldest son was dead, and the prisoner was his second child. He did not know what to do with him. The boy had brought sorrow and disgrace on him and his wife.—Mr. Partridge: Do you want me to send that child to prison?—The Father: Alas, sir, I know not what to say or do. Help me, sir, if you can.—Mary Foster, a very respectable woman, the mother of the boy, said she missed a 5s. piece from her pocket on Wednesday morning before six o'clock. Her son was out all the day, and he was brought home at midnight by a watchman, who saw him wandering about the excavations for the main drainage. The boy said he had taken the money, and distributed it among the children of the National School in Poplar. He had frequently robbed her of shillings and sixpences. He contracted debts with the baker and others with whom they dealt, and for six weeks he spent the money given him every Monday morning to pay his schoolmaster. He went one Sunday to his aunt, and said that his mother had sent him to borrow 1s. The aunt knew what a bad character he was, and made inquiries before lending the money. He went a second time to his aunt for money, and said his mother's pocket was picked of 10s., but he did not succeed in obtaining any money from her. He stopped out all one wet day, and came home completely wet through. Mr. Partridge: Have you sent him to school regularly?—Witness: Yes, sir—to the National School and to the school in Woolmore-street, both in Poplar.—Mr. Partridge: Try what you can do with him. He is too young to be sent to a prison. Only nine years of age, I see written on the police-sheet.—Witness: He will be ten years of age on the 18th of next May. He has been an endless source of trouble to us. He stole a sovereign from me once, and it was the whole of his father's earnings for a week. He received 4d. a week for carrying a man's dinner to his workshop, and he ate the dinner one day and sold the plates. We have have chastised him till we feared we should be charged with cruelty, and we locked him up in a room and kept him on bread and water three days. This has been going on for six months, and it is quite heartbreaking.—Mr. Partridge: The boy is quite incorrigible, and I will send him to the Middlesex Industrial School at Feltham for three years, and his father will have to contribute towards his maintenance.

At Bow-street Police-court, G. L. Sabine, badge No. 3,247, driver of the omnibus No. 7,113, was charged with loitering in the Strand on the 7th April, and using abusive language to Police-constable Whiting, 99 F. He was defended by Mr. Towne.—The constable stated that on the day in question he saw the defendant loitering in the Strand, opposite the Charing-cross railway station, from 4.10 to 4.15 p.m. When witness took his number he said, "I should like to punch your head." In cross-examination by Mr. Towne, the witness said he had for seven or eight years done duty in the Strand and neighbourhood. Had known the defendant about three or four months. Would not swear that defendant had driven the same omnibus for the same employers (the London General Omnibus Company), or on the same line of route, but had seen him driving omnibuses in the Strand. Would not swear to having seen him every day or several days successively. Witness was not the constable specially stationed at that spot to note the stoppages of omnibuses, &c. That constable was a few yards away, but did not speak to him before he took the number. Would swear he did not say "You had better take that man's number." Denied all knowledge of any "system."—Mr. Towne: Do you not know that it is a rule that the conductors give money to the policemen stationed at that spot?—Mr. Flowers cautioned the constable that he was not bound to answer the question.—The constable swore that he had no knowledge of any such system.—Mr. Towne said the case was defended on principle, and, if necessary, he could produce a dozen conductors to prove that a system of black mail existed. The present defendant had been ill for two months, and on his return to work was asked for money by the policeman stationed at the spot in question. In consequence of his illness he was short of money, and not able to meet the demand. On the present occasion the demand had been repeated, after which Whiting came up and took the defendant's number.—Mr. Flowers said, if that could be proved, it was a terrible state of things. The conduct of a constable who should take a bribe, under such circumstances, would be almost as bad as if he (the magistrate) should do so. At the same time, if it could not be proved, that was still a very serious matter, for if such imputations were made without ground, no man was safe.—Mr. Towne said that the imputation was not against Whiting, but against the other constable, and, perhaps he ought not to have imported it into the case, which he only did to explain what really was said. He should prove it against the other constable before the commissioners. He hoped that the defendant would not suffer for that, not having instructed him.—A City policeman named Grenfield and his wife, who were passengers by the omnibus, deposed that the defendant's words were, "Why don't the other man come? Is he ashamed?" and that no offensive language was used.—Mr. Flowers was glad that he was able to deal with the case without reference to the alleged bribery, as that was not applied to the witness in this case. He fully believed every word of the evidence of Whiting, whom he believed a truthful man, and if he were not so he ought not to remain in the force a single day. The defendant must pay 2s. fine for each offence, and 2s. costs for each summons, making in all 8s. He trusted that the charge against the other constable would be fully investigated.—Sergeant Hamblin, the acting inspector in attendance, said it should be reported to the commissioners, who would no doubt order an inquiry.—Mr. Towne said a complaint would be laid before the commissioners. The company were determined to put a stop to the system.

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**V**



No. 13.—Vol.

A B

We give some further details of the ceremony which took place at 10 o'clock a great multitude of the church, all bent on and of the bridal couple, church was granted only distributed by the Royal tickets was exceedingly shone in floral splendour were placed for the bride and left stood two rows of Royal Court and their seats destined for the left of the altar, the place the highest dignitaries. The central nave was a The envoys and ambassadors. The Protestant clergy at a quarter past two priests, among whom the procession, in order to Soon afterwards the dele